The Nation.

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The Week.

WE were glad to see signs of returning reason in the religious press last week touching the Hawaiian business. The week before, they were nearly all giving tongue in the most disgraceful manner, but now they have the grace to admit that it would be as well to wait until they know the facts, and meanwhile "suspend judgment." We except the *Independent*, which nobly maintains its reputation for knowing things that are not so, and advocating in the name of religion courses of action that are clearly immoral. If ever there was a question on which the religious press could not afford to be wrong, even for one week, the Hawaiian affair is such a question. To have the best foreign opinion united in admiration of an act of international justice and high-mindedness by the Government of the United States, at the same time that the religious press of the United States is denouncing it, is something, as the religious editors say, to make angels weep.

Even the Hawaiian *Furiosos* have given up defending Stevens. They admit, with the *Tribune*, that his attitude was "partial," but are tearful over the peril to missions and civilization which would be involved in undoing his work. Stevens himself, in his lecture last week, made no reference to the evidence which shows that he was a conspirator and a falsifier, but was very strong on "what is most sacred in Christian civilization." Now, the first thing to be said to old-time friends and supporters of foreign missions, like the *Sun*, is to remind them that all the wonderful triumphs of the Gospel in the Sandwich Islands were won under a monarchical form of government. How, then, can it be fatal to Christianity in Hawaii to restore the monarchy? In the second place, it is to be said that the most sacred things in Christian civilization are not churches and preaching or singing hymns, but justice and truth and honesty. A long line of prophets and apostles and church fathers could be cited in favor of the opinion that these virtues are the indispensable basis of Christian civilization, and the necessary preliminary to missionary operations in any heathen country. To try to steal Hawaii, and to lie about the way you got the stolen goods in your possession, and to refuse to give them up when cornered, may be done, as Stevens says it was, "in the name of Christian civilization," but it is not fitted to make that name attractive to the victims. We are firm in the belief that the act of simple justice which the American Government now proposes, will do more to advance true religion in Hawaii than the most pathetic missionary address which Mr. Stevens or the editor of the *Sun* ever delivered.

Ex-Secretary Tracy has solemnly said to a reporter that Minister Stevens's Hawaiian revolution "came like a thunder-clap to the Administration." But it was only stage thunder, and all the supernumeraries producing it were in plain sight of the audience. Stevens himself, in his *Kennebec Journal*, and the editor of the *Tribune* were both caught in their shirt-sleeves, a full year ago, letting off the first rumblings of the thunder. In Stevens's despatch of November 20, 1892, he gave another Jove-like crash with his plea for "bold and vigorous measures for annexation," as to which, he said, "our statesmen and our Government must decide." What decision they reached was made clear in Secretary Tracy's interview with Admiral Skerrett on the 30th of the following month, when he said: "Commodore, the wishes of the Government have changed. They will be very glad to annex Hawaii." This shows the kind of "continuity" in foreign policy which President Harrison thinks so vital. It is nothing for the wishes of the Government to "change" in the interest of filibusters, but when it is a question of making them disgorge, then all patriots must grieve over the lack of "continuity." But in view of all these elaborate preparations for the "thunder-clap," the startled air of the members of the Administration when it actually came is a high tribute to their histrionic powers.

The unhappiness caused to Mr. Thurston and his organs by the failure of the Administration to dismiss him, or "send him his passports," or remonstrate with him, or in any way treat him as a naughty envoy or "persona non grata," because he has talked freely in the newspapers, is very amusing. The fact is, that he has done the right thing in carrying his complaints to the newspapers. That is the place for them. Such stuff as he furnished them for publication would be very odd in a diplomatic paper. Moreover, his character as an envoy extraordinary is not worth the consideration of a serious man in the State Department. The ambassador of a "free people" who muster only 600 strong, is not treated with much respect in any court, and of course ought to receive less from us, who think so much of numbers, than from any other power. He, however, has compensation in freedom of speech. A man in Mr. Thurston's position cannot commit an "indiscretion." He might write an article in the *Tribune*, and nobody would blame him. "Passports" would be wasted on him, and so would "belligerent rights." He might even "declare war" against the Administration, and the wretched Gresham would simply smile that deadly smile of his to which the *Tribune* has already called attention as a *monstrum horrendum*.

Secretary Morton's report does not move to tears as those of his predecessor in the Department of Agriculture used to do, but it makes a great rattling among the dry bones. He exposes the happy-go-lucky nature of the organization of the department, showing how he has been able to reduce the number of employees by more than one-fifth without any injury to the service, and also pointing out that the amounts appropriated for the use of State experiment-stations are entirely beyond the power of any officer of the United States to limit or control or audit. He thinks the meat-inspection laws ought to be repealed. They have resulted in no increase in the export of meat products, and, on the other hand, have cost the Government 6½ per cent. of the value of all meat sold to countries demanding the inspection. In the place of "Uncle Jerry's" eloquent appeals for more Government help, Morton declares that the thing which "ought to be engraved upon the memory and reflected in the judgment and the plans of every farmer in the Union," is the fact that "the relation of supply and demand is the sole regulator of value." The Secretary also takes a notably firm and advanced stand for civil-service reform principles.

There are signs that Secretary Herbert is preparing for himself the mortification of restoring Commodore Stanton, just as he felt obliged to restore Commander Higginson. It was given out from Washington on Thursday that "a revulsion of feeling" had set in at the Navy Department touching the Commodore's action at Rio, and that "the persons who were quick to condemn him are now disposed to withhold judgment until he has an opportunity to make his defence." On top of this came a *World* despatch on Friday saying that President Peixoto has stated to the Washington authorities that he did not consider Stanton's action in saluting Mello any real disrespect to his own Government. However the affair turns out, it is a melancholy example of the demoralization of the naval service. This peremptory removing of

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officers at long range, and calling them home in disgrace, only to find that they have a perfectly good defence for their conduct, is a stone over which one would think the secretary would not break his leg a second time. Why not use the cable for calling for the defence before using it for summary removal? The only astonishing thing is that our naval officers do not blunder, in the sense of going counter to the occult wishes of the Department, oftener than they do. We believe the feeling is general in the service that, since the Barrundia decision, no naval commander knows what he is expected to do anywhere. The common rules of international law are no longer a safe guide to him, and he has to make the best guess he can at what the secretary would like him to do, and thank his stars if he gets off without a reprimand.

For the third time the ways and means committee of the House has granted the demands of American artists and placed works of art on the free list of a general tariff bill. The Mills bill so placed them, but they were stricken from the list in Democratic caucus. The McKinley bill also placed works of art on the free list, but the Senate did not concur, and the net result was a reduction of the tax from 30 per cent. to 15 per cent. It is to be hoped that the third time may prove "the charm." The fact that Presidents Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison all recommended the abolition of this tax, and that Mills and McKinley both included its repeal in their tariff measures, shows how entirely non-partisan the movement is. The domestic producers of art are practically unanimous in declaring the tax a hindrance rather than a help to them. Moreover, art is valuable to a country, not merely as an element of general culture, but as a stimulus to the element of design in manufactures, which, even more than cheapness, conquers the markets of the world. In the manufacture of wall-papers, dress-goods, silks, china, and pottery, carpets, etc., design decides national superiority, and to encourage art is to encourage the artistic education of artisans and to secure the widest market for our manufactures.

The Lawrence (Kan.) *Journal* has some very encouraging news about the business situation in the rural districts of that State. It says that the farmers are now paying their taxes promptly, and that "a large amount of the payments is made in gold." It is surmised, says the *Journal*, that this gold has been hoarded for some time back, and is now coming out of its hiding-places because confidence has been restored. The possessors of this hidden treasure no longer have any apprehensions of the silver basis. Very wonderful that this should be true in Kansas, which cast its Presidential vote for Weaver, and which has a Peffer and a Martin in the United States Senate and an Ingalls for ex-Senator. Here is a fresh text for Ingalls to preach a new sermon on—a sermon on the cowardice of gold. We all remember his discourse on that theme, which was quoted three times in one week during the recent session by admiring Congressmen of the school of Bland. Gold, said Ingalls, ran away at the beginning of the war and took refuge with our enemies, but, after the victory was won, it swaggered to the front and claimed all the honors. Here is a fresh illustration of the skulking nature of gold in Mr. Ingalls's own neighborhood, right under his nose, we might say. The cowardly metal has been hiding behind the chimneys in Kansas farm-houses, perhaps ever since Ingalls made his great speech, and now it swaggers to the front and pays taxes with all the airs of a conqueror. If Ingalls cannot do justice to the subject, it will be of no use for Peffer to try.

A committee of the Legislature of Georgia has taken up the question of State-bank notes, and has commenced work on a bill in anticipation of the repeal of the 10 per cent. tax. Like most of the State legislatures which have turned their attention to this subject, this one, or this committee, begins by tying up the bank's money in securities of one kind or another—this by way of making money abundant in the neighborhood. The bill proposes that one-half of the capital of each bank shall be kept on hand in coin or legal tenders as a redemption fund, and that the other half shall be invested in bonds of the United States or of the State of Georgia, or of counties or municipalities in the State, which shall be deposited with the State treasurer as security for the circulating notes. Then the State treasurer may issue to the bank three dollars of circulating notes for every dollar of the coin or legal tenders which the bank has on deposit with itself. The security which the State would hold for the circulating notes, supposing all the bonds to be good, would be 33 per cent. of them, instead of being 110 per cent., as it is under the national banking system, since the cash redemption fund is to be under the control of the bank. But if this redemption fund were religiously kept by the bank for its special purpose, and if the deposited bonds were always worth par, the security would be only at the rate of $1,000 for each $1,500 of circulating notes, the bank's capital being wholly impounded and locked up at the start. The national system furnishes security for circulating notes, but it is wanting in elasticity. The proposed Georgia system would furnish neither security nor elasticity. It is very strange that the South, which for the most part had good banks before the war, cannot take a leaf out of its own experience, but must needs copy an inferior system, diluting even that. There is not much danger of harm, however, from these attempts, since they all depend upon a repeal of the 10 per cent. tax. The chances of repeal are lessened by every State-bank act like that of North Carolina and like that which Georgia is now mulling over.

The suggestion of the *Tribune* that Mr. Schieren should "conduct a business administration" over in Brooklyn by "giving preference to Republicans without exception" in making his appointments to office, and by "appointing reputable Republicans of recognized business capacity and training," and "*then* keeping the Fire, Police, and Public Works and other departments out of politics altogether," is as good an illustration as one could desire of the reason why no reform movement in New York or Brooklyn is ever steady or continuous. We have "popular risings" every twenty years or so, when the boldness of the Ring becomes intolerable, but we never have a steady and continuous resistance to it from year to year. It has been demonstrated over and over again in both cities that neither party can of itself give good municipal government. Whenever one party determines to oust its thieves, it has to have the assistance of the other party. The Republicans in Brooklyn could not of themselves have overthrown McLaughlin. They had to have the assistance of the Democratic mugwumps. The Democrats of themselves could not keep him out of power. They would have to have the assistance of the Republicans. In other words, party government in American cities is a failure. To be well governed the decent people in both parties must unite. But, as a rule, any tendency towards this desirable combination is nipped in the bud by just such suggestions as the *Tribune's*—that the offices should be all given to the members of one party, and "then" taken out of politics. This always exasperates the other side, making them feel themselves the victims of a fraud of which they will not allow a repetition, and at the next election the old order is restored.

Mr. William Walter Phelps, in his speech at the Chamber of Commerce dinner last week, made some very just remarks upon the changes for the worse in the press, which he found upon returning to this country from a four years' absence as minister in Germany. It is quite true that, with rare exceptions, the journalist no longer seeks

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to lead and instruct public opinion, but "uses his best gifts to amuse and attract"; and that "our great journals to-day build their circulation on the weakness and vanity of mankind, and vie with each other as to which paper shall make the most personal mentions." The only hopeful feature of the situation is the evidence afforded by such a movement as that of the San Francisco women against sensational journalism that a large proportion of the people are utterly disgusted with the papers now served them. This movement seems to be gaining strength week by week, and has now reached quite remarkable proportions. So general is the interest, and so profound the feeling that the morality of the community is involved, that sermons on the subject have lately been preached in a score of pulpits on Sunday. The most effective work that is being done in this crusade is the exposure of the sensational newspaper publisher in his true light as an enemy of society, who deserves no more respect than the man who should sow seeds of physical, instead of moral, disease.

"The butcher's bill" of the last football season in England has been compiled by a gentleman in that country who kept as close a record as possible by reading the newspapers, and it foots up a total of twenty-three, not counting three other cases where death was ascribed to illness incurred on the football field. Among the causes of death are these: "Spine fractured while tackling a rival player"; "struck violently in the abdomen, and died two days later, after suffering terrible agony"; "kicked in the stomach"; "injured internally while being tackled"; "killed by a kick in the stomach, received in a scrimmage"; "so severely trodden upon after falling upon the ball that he never recovered consciousness." The *Lancet*, the chief medical journal of England, calls, like the *Medical News* in this country, for a radical reform. Moreover, the officers of the law in England seem disposed to interfere if the atrocities cannot be stopped in any other way. Two pugilists, who had engaged in an unusually severe contest, were recently brought before the recorder of Manchester, and pleaded guilty. The recorder laid down the law in the case, and proceeded to say that it was equally applicable to football. He pointed out that violence on the football field, where an attempt was made to counteract skill by brute force, was just as much a criminal offence as a bare-knuckle fight.

The fact is, that every defence of football we have seen would cover prize-fighting. The risks from prize-fighting are very small. The training for it is good for health and strength, the prize-fighters themselves like it, and so do the spectators. What, then, is the objection to it? Both prize-fighting and football as now played permit almost any degree of violence to the person above the waist. Here is the rub. You must not "tackle" a man below the belt either in the football field or in the prize ring, but above the belt you may do anything you please to him but "slug" him at football, and in the prize ring you may do anything to him you please and "slug" him besides. It is this exposure of the person to every kind of violence which puts football, under the present rules, into the same category with the prize-fight, and makes it unlike all other games played by civilized man—cricket, tennis, baseball, golf, polo. Some of these—polo for instance—are dangerous, but in it your person is not kicked, cuffed, pounded by your fellow-man, nor are you trampled under the feet of a rattling, roaring throng. There is talk of amending the rules, but slight amendment will not do. So long as a man can be treated as a simple package, to be removed by pushing, pulling, rolling, kicking, or "slugging," there will always be great danger of his being in some way maimed. The plea set up, that youths *in statu pupillari* have a right to expose themselves, if they please, to soldiers' risks at seats of learning, strikes us as exceedingly droll. Moreover, that somewhat apocryphal saying of Wellington's, that Waterloo was won on the Eton football field, would be of more value if any but a very small percentage of his army ever went near Eton, and if ring-fights were not common at Eton in his day, and if the men who won Jena and Austerlitz and stormed Ratisbon had had the advantages of public-school games.

The English Radicals, who have for some time been showing signs of mutiny against Gladstone, are disgusted with the slowness with which the lord chancellor is adding Liberals to the magisterial bench in accordance with the policy traced out last winter, and went to that functionary in a large body a fortnight ago to blow him up. They informed him that he was not going fast enough, and they rated him for not being satisfied with the recommendations of the member of Parliament for the county or borough in which the appointment was to be made. He turned on them, however, in a long speech, and had execution of them, as Cromwell used to say, for nearly an hour. He showed that the reason he went slowly was because he had not time to go fast; that if he depended on the recommendations of the members of Parliament, he would frequently appoint bad characters to the bench, that having happened already, and that nothing could be more unfortunate for the whole English community than any decided lowering in the quality of the unpaid magistracy. It was necessary not only that its members should all be men of good social standing, whatever their social grade, but that they should not be of a kind to drive the present members off the bench. Of course a good many good Radicals might be appointed with whom the present magistrates would not serve, and whom they would not consent to meet anywhere. An injection of "Barney" Martins or "Paddy" Divvers, for instance, would clear any English bench of its other occupants in five minutes. This is of course an extreme illustration, because the appearance in a judicial position in England of anything corresponding to these two worthies is impossible.

The Tories, who are, or pretend to be, most shocked by the large additions the Liberals are making to the magistracy, have only themselves to thank for it. There is hardly a doubt that had they not taken home rule so much to heart, the enormous preponderance of Tories or Unionists on the bench would have passed unnoticed, and the bench would never have got into politics. But when the Unionists took to boycotting and "cutting" people for supporting Gladstone, and denouncing them as traitors, it was inevitable that the Gladstonians should be unwilling to have them sit on their quarrels and controversies and delinquencies. The Unionists plead that the magistrates were formerly largely Liberal, but that the Liberals have gone over to the Unionists because of Gladstone's bad behavior; but the concern of people who come before them, or are likely to come before them, is not how they came to be Tories, but the fact that they are Tories.

Affairs in Italy have not been in a state so confused and critical since 1859. Never since then have we needed so much to be represented at Rome by a first-class man of ripe experience. Sending a mere man of fashion there is, under the circumstances, something worse than a blunder. The state of Italy attracts public attention, too, once more to the circumstances of Mr. Van Alen's appointment, and sets people asking whether something cannot still be done to keep him at home, and send some one better fitted for the emergency in his place. The English have just filled a similar vacancy at the same post. The history of the official career of their appointee, contrasted with Mr. Van Alen's, is enough to make an American hang his head for shame. On this subject our correspondent at Rome has some pertinent remarks on another page.

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THE TARIFF BILL.

THE Wilson tariff bill has caused a decline of a few points on the stock market in the group known as the industrials, and the groans from that quarter are quite shocking to hear. These are the concerns more familiarly known as Trusts. They blossomed out in great luxuriousness after the passage of the McKinley bill and became the subject of great popular odium. Republican newspapers attacked them with great bitterness, and declared that they were bringing the whole doctrine of protection into disrepute. Some of the high priests of protection in Philadelphia, notably Prof. Robert Ellis Thompson, took strong ground in favor of abolishing the duties on all articles that had been made the subject of artificial monopoly. It is very certain that if the Democratic party had had the power then which it exercises to-day, it would have followed this sound advice. To-day, however, it restricts itself to the reduction, not the abolition, of the duties under which these oppressive concerns have sheltered themselves. Sugar, Lead, Cordage are not visited with the punishment they deserve. The character of these combines is well established in the country at large as monopolies intended to deprive the public of the benefit of competition, and in Wall Street as lures for the unwary and as games played with loaded dice. So far are they from any just claim to mercy that the more crushing the blow dealt them the better for the community.

The Republican party, it should be observed, is ready to deal this blow in any way except by abolishing or reducing the duties under which the Trusts fleece the public. The party, under the lead of Senator Sherman, has passed an anti-Trust law, under which, if it could be enforced, all of them would be passed into the hands of receivers and put in liquidation. But when it is proposed to attack them in a perfectly feasible and practicable way, there is an instant outpouring of crocodile tears, almost in proportion to the amount of water in their stock. The truth is that the committee has been altogether too merciful to this brood of octopuses. It ought to have swept away every vestige of protection to every one of them; and if it had done so, no Republican Congress would ever have dared to renew it.

As to the bill in general, we think that the only fair criticism to be made is that it is too conservative and too lenient to the protected classes. Take pig-iron for example. We select this article because it lies at the foundation of all industries, and also because the treatment of pig-iron is characteristic of the bill as a whole. Any duty at all on pig-iron is now prohibitory. The price of the cheapest grade in England is now $8.01 gold per ton. A better brand of pig-iron is selling in Alabama to-day at $7.25, and the current number of *Dun's Review* tells us that a British purchase of 5,000 tons has been made there at that price. Nevertheless, the bill retains a duty of 22½ per cent. on pig-iron. Take steel billets. These are selling in England at $17.61 and at Pittsburgh at $17.50. These quotations, both foreign and domestic, are taken from the *American Manufacturer* of Pittsburgh of November 17. Obviously any duty, even one per cent., would be prohibitory, when we take into account the freight, insurance, and other charges. Well, the committee's bill gives the producers of steel billets a protection of 25 per cent. Certainly nobody has a right to complain of this except the purchasers and consumers of the article. Yet we presume that the makers of steel billets will declare that a duty of 25 per cent. is ruinous, and will make the bill an excuse for reducing wages.

This conservative spirit runs through the bill and leads our reforming contemporary, the *Sun*, to declare that the measure is "a sound protectionist document from one end to the other." It would certainly have been called such by Henry Clay or by Justin S. Morrill at any time prior to 1870. It certainly is not open to the charge of hostility to manufacturers. Its enlargement of the free list is entirely in their interest, and it has not reduced the duties on goods in the same ratio as the reduction on materials. This is especially true of the wool and woollens schedule. That the duty on wool is to come off this time, there can be no doubt. It does not follow, however, that the price of domestic wool will decline. It may even advance, and this is the belief of many manufacturers, based upon the experience of former years when the duties on wool were merely nominal.

Republican comments on the tariff bill are very far from coming up to Browning's twenty-nine distinct damnations, one sure if the other fails. Gov. McKinley, it is true, considered the bill "a very sweeping one," and one which paid "no heed to the pleas and necessities of domestic industries"; but then, he confessed that he had not read it, and for a damning on general principles his remarks certainly lack vigor. Ex-Speaker Reed started out with the view that "the bill is about as bad as could be reasonably imagined," but roared most gently in the rest of his observations. This was no doubt owing to his having made the slip of confining himself to what could "reasonably" be imagined. He could have been much fiercer if not restrained in that way. Ex-Gov. Ames thought the bill "ridiculous," though he had to admit that it contained two excellent features—excellent because he had long contended for them—free coal and free iron ore. Ex-Gov. Long thought the changes would be "a direct benefit to New England," but deplored the breaking down of the "system," which, it would seem, must be maintained even if it wipes out all New England industries.

This restrained Republican indignation is no doubt due, in part, to the reflection that the Wilson bill is only a carrying out of the professed Republican policy on the tariff, of ten years ago, before McKinley and Reed and Dolan and the Trusts ran away with the party. In fact, the future historian, picking up the new tariff bill and not closely observing its date, might be excused for thinking it a Republican measure proposed in pursuance of the recommendations of the party leaders in 1882 and 1883. In the former year the Republican tariff commission said: "Early in its deliberations the commission became convinced that a substantial reduction of tariff duties is demanded, not by a mere indiscriminate popular clamor, but by the best conservative opinion of the country." President Arthur, in his message of December 4, 1882, recommended "an enlargement of the free list, . . . a simplification of the complex and inconsistent schedule of duties upon certain manufactures, particularly those of cotton, iron, and steel, and a substantial reduction of the duties upon those articles, and upon sugar, molasses, silk, wool, and woollen goods." In Secretary McCulloch's report for 1884, he wrote: "The existing duties upon raw materials which are to be used in manufactures, should be removed. . . . The duties upon the articles used or consumed by those who are least able to bear the burden of taxation should be reduced." No wonder that the Republicans are finding it rather hard to pronounce a good thumping anathema in 1893 upon doctrines which were a part of their own orthodoxy in 1883.

THE PROPOSED INCOME TAX.

AMONG the various plans on foot for increasing the national revenue, an income tax has been advocated by an influential group of Democratic politicians. Naturally, too, it has aroused strong and even bitter opposition in another influential group in the same party. As for the Republicans, they are privileged, as the minority party, to oppose everything, and they are very sure to make the most of any division in the Democratic ranks on any question of taxation. It seems necessary, therefore, to discuss this question somewhat before the reassembling of Congress.

In the first place, it cannot be said that the people have laid any commands upon Congress in respect of an income tax. The subject is entirely new to the present generation. Such a tax was imposed during the war, and it was continued some years after the war, while the national finances were in an unsettled and strained condition. As soon as it

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was found that the tax could be spared without danger to the public credit, it was repealed, but this proves nothing as to the rightfulness or the fiscal expediency of the tax. The repeal may have been due to the fact that the classes who had to pay it were the most influential at Washington, while those who did not have to pay it cared nothing about it one way or the other. Governments generally yield to the strongest pressure, and this may have been the case with regard to the income tax. The idealogues offered little resistance to the repeal at that time. In fact, the amendments that had been engrafted on the tax from time to time had left it in such a tattered condition in 1872 that it yielded little more than the cost of collection. Its history may be briefly recited.

It was first enacted in 1861, and the rate was fixed at 3 per cent. on all incomes over $800. No machinery existed for collecting it, and before any had been provided Congress changed it. Under the act of 1862, all incomes over $600 and under $5,000 were taxed 5 per cent., over $5,000 and under $10,000 7½ per cent., over $10,000 10 per cent. Certain deductions were allowed in estimating income, such as house rent actually paid and other taxes actually paid, whether national, State, or local. In 1864 a special tax of 5 per cent. was levied for one year, this being additional to the regular income tax. In the same year the rate was raised so that all incomes above $5,000 paid 10 per cent. In 1865 the first change was made in the direction of lowering the tax. This was done by raising the exemption from $600 to $1,000, and making the tax uniform at 5 per cent. In 1870 the exemption was raised to $2,000 and the rate reduced to 2½ per cent. In addition to this change it was provided that all business losses sustained during the year, and all interest paid on loans, and all money paid for labor to cultivate land and for rent and repairs of premises actually occupied might be deducted in estimating incomes. Under these sweeping changes the revenue derived from the tax fell to $19,000,000 in 1871 and to $14,000,000 in 1872. The maximum reached in any single year ($73,000,000) was in 1866. This was the year of the "double income tax"—the year in which the bulk of the special tax enacted in 1864 was collected. When the proceeds of the tax had fallen below $20,000,000, it was deemed useless to continue it longer. It expired in 1872, and it was believed then that no occasion short of a war of great magnitude would ever justify its reënactment.

The justice of an income tax if it could be fairly and honestly collected does not admit of doubt, but the objections to it are the same in kind as those which lie against the personal-property tax. It cannot be collected with fairness and equality. The taxpayer must coöperate with the collector in order to ascertain the income. Consequently only the very conscientious people pay their rightful share. The practical attempts to collect a personal-property tax in the several States have been uniformly futile—the amounts realized being ever on a dwindling scale. There is no reason to suppose that the results of an income tax would be in any wise different. The revenue derived during the war is no criterion whatever. At that time the taxpayers generally coöperated with the collector zealously. Public opinion compelled them to do so. The nation's life was at stake. Those who were not in the field felt a double obligation to supply the means to support those who were there.

No such conditions exist now. Hence there is every probability that the taxpayers would adopt the same means to avoid the impost that they employ in avoiding the personal-property tax levied by the States. In other words, the tax would be a vastly unequal one in practice, its burden falling chiefly on those who are too honest to shirk it. It would be well for Congressmen also to ask themselves the question whether the number of votes to be gained among those who are in the exempted class will overbalance the losses among those who are called upon to pay the tax. This question is not to be answered by footing up the opinions of voters in a particular district or any number of districts. The question is, whether votes are to be drawn from the Republican party by the imposition of an income tax in sufficient numbers to overbalance the resentment which will certainly be stirred up by it.

MR. CARLISLE'S SPEECH.

THE speech of Secretary Carlisle at the Chamber of Commerce dinner last week was fully up to the expectations that had been formed beforehand. In some respects it was perhaps in advance of such expectations, for the secretary declared that the single gold standard was *de facto* the standard of the civilized world, and hence it ought to be and must be our standard. He said that the Government was bound to keep every kind of money that bore its stamp at par with gold, and that he, as secretary, would perform this duty as long as he had any gold to do it with. These sentiments and promises were vociferously applauded by the gentlemen to whom they were addressed. It seemed as though the millennium of finance had come when the foremost statesman of the South gave utterance to opinions which were repudiated by two-thirds of Congress when the Bland-Allison act was passed over the veto of President Hayes. The fact that Mr. Carlisle has not always been of this way of thinking has been commented on both in the press and in the Senate. Quite true; but how many of his accusers are qualified to throw stones? Where were Sherman, Allison, McKinley, Charles Foster, and a host of Republican leaders in the bygone times? As for backbiting newspapers, perhaps the less said of them the better. They as well as Senators and secretaries have learned by experience, and it is much to their credit, all around, if they tell the truth when they have learned it.

What the public are concerned with is the statesmanship of to-day, not that of 1878 or that of 1890. Times have changed, and we have changed with them. Mr. Carlisle's positions are not only sound *per se*, but they are stated in a way to carry conviction to others. He has rare gifts as a public speaker, and the most important of these is earnestness. He has no tricks of speech. He does not raise a laugh or waste any words. All that he says is serious, and it carries the conviction to the hearer that the speaker believes what he says. His manner is that of the constitutional lawyer. His training has been in the law almost exclusively, and it is much more to his credit that he has acquired the principles of finance by study and experience than it is to his discredit that he once stumbled in an unknown field where two-thirds of his contemporaries in Congress stumbled likewise.

Perhaps the most impressive single paragraph in the secretary's speech was the following:

> "Gentlemen, the question whether the obligations of the United States will be paid in coin current in all the markets in the world has already been settled, and it has, in my opinion, been settled for all time to come. It has been settled, not by any specific act of Congress prescribing the exact mode of payment, but by the spirit and obvious purpose of the whole body of existing legislation upon the subject, and by the deliberate judgment of the American people and the declared purpose of those who have been intrusted with the execution of the laws. The disposition and ability of the Government to maintain its own credit at the highest possible standard, and to preserve the integrity of all the forms of currency in circulation among the people, cannot be reasonably doubted, and ought not to be subjects of serious controversy hereafter."

It is the conviction of this truth that gives tone and confidence to the business of the country to-day after the crushing disasters of last summer. It is not in the power of Mr. Bland, or of anybody, or of any group, to disturb this confidence. It has its root in the profoundest depths of public opinion. It is fortified by the possession of the Government in all its branches, and most of all by the President and Secretary of the Treasury. Although the national budget is not in the right shape as regards income and outgo, although the reserve in the Treasury is shrinking and the stock of gold is low, nobody is disturbed on that account, because all know that it is only necessary, as Webster said, to smite the rock of the national resources and abundant streams of revenue will gush forth

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Even if the last dollar of gold were paid out of the public fisc, no serious disturbance outside of Government circles would result, the means of replenishment being so ample and so easy of access. Of course no one desires to see such an experiment tried, and no one expects it, but confidence is now so firmly grounded on the gold standard that nothing can shake it. This, as Mr. Carlisle says, ought not to be a subject of serious controversy hereafter. Moreover, it will not be.

Mr. Carlisle did not omit a salutation to the "friends of silver," but it was one that they will hardly thank him for. He said that we should continue to use silver as money to the largest extent consistent with the stability of the currency and the preservation of the public faith, *i. e.*, consistent with the maintenance of the gold standard. There is no doubt of this. With $419,000,000 of silver dollars and 140,000,000 ounces of silver bullion plus $76,000,000 of subsidiary silver coin, we are not likely to run short of that metal during the lifetime of the children now in the public schools. But we shall always be ready to exchange greetings with the friends of silver on the basis which Mr. Carlisle indicated, and they will have to be satisfied with that.

Other financial problems are coming on the carpet, and, now that the *basis* of everything financial has been settled, they ought not to be difficult. The banking system must be amended to correspond with the facts of to-day, not those of the civil war thirty years ago. After that is accomplished there will inevitably come up the question as to what shall be done with the Government's circulating notes, its greenbacks and the rest. One thing at a time. Mr. Carlisle's speech makes it a safe prediction that all will turn out well in the end.

FOOTBALL AGAIN.

Capt. Frank Ranken of the Montauk football team had his leg broken in two places on Saturday in "one of the early scrimmages." James McNally of the same team had all his lower teeth knocked out. Mapes of the Cleveland team had a severe shoulder strain. Robert Christy of the Wooster University died from a kick in the stomach. His widowed mother was at his bedside. Capt. Waters of the Harvard team will never play again owing to a wrench in the knee, to say nothing of a bad bruise over one eye, and a blow on the head which laid open the scalp. The conduct of Prentiss at the Crescent-Orange game at Eastern Park is much reprehended, because, when he sees a mass of men on the ground, he "runs and jumps on them feet first." At the game at Springfield on Saturday Mackie punched his head into Stillman's stomach. McCrea was for several minutes under "a mountain of men," and, after extricating himself, was "badly winded," and took some minutes to recover. Beard stepped "unconsciously" on Wrightington's head, and Acton hit Beard a smart blow on the chin. It was thought at first, after Thorn was "thrown down harshly and a dozen men had fallen on him," that his nose was broken, but it appears that it was only badly damaged.

We take the foregoing at haphazard, without any particular search, from Sunday's newspapers, as the football news of *one* day. There are to be more games this week, and it will be well if on Saturday we have not plenty more casualties to record. A professor in a well-known college writes to us:

"I am glad to see your attack on football. As played at present, it is a murderous game. Our eleven don't like it, but play because it is the fashion. Our captain had his nose broken and another had his neck wrenched and was carried off insensible, last Wednesday. That is an average chapter of accidents. Besides, the men are entirely too good to waste in this way. Our captain happens to be the best man in his class—a rare accident. Generally speaking, the teams are made up of a different quality of men, many of whom are in college solely for football purposes, hired and salaried with the proceeds of gate-money. I hear repeated stories of this kind from Yale, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania."

The playing public, too, seems to be beginning to be impressed by the current criticism. Mr. Walter Camp, the great authority on the game, has a letter in Sunday's *Herald*, in which he makes the following admission:

"The public, the press, and the players are all thoroughly in love with football, provided it is kept as free from dangerous accidents as it has been for the last few years previous to 1893. Those enthusiasts who feel that there is a conspiracy against the sport are blinded by their intense love of the game, so that they cannot and will not see any fault in it. But if every one will carefully study the play that we shall see in both these final matches, he will be very apt to conclude, unless all signs fail, that the overdevelopment of mass plays bids fair to make the sport too hard upon the line men, particularly the tackles and ends.

"When a half-dozen good, solid fellows get in motion and concentrate their force and weight, running at full speed, against one, two, or three men, who are able to get under but partial headway, and who are obliged also to look for the man with the ball coming behind this mass, the shock is pretty severe, and, repeatedly practised, will use up even the stoutest and pluckiest. There are many who can stand it through a game, barring some unusual chance blow, but the tendency to such plays means that they must be practised for weeks, and that the team must meet as well as make them, so that it resolves itself into a question of meeting such an impact day after day for months before the final contest. No wonder, then, that the men get sore and tender; that occasionally a wail of despair goes up from the college that the best men are laid up and there are no good men to take their places. There are two, and very likely more, ways of legislating that might effect a cure."

The most important thing he says is, however, that the Rugby rules, under which our teams are supposed by the general public to be playing, do not admit of "the interference principle" at all; that is, players have no right to run into, interrupt, or obstruct an opponent at all unless between the runner and his goal line—that is, practically behind him. Gradually, during the last twelve years, he says, we have come to disregard this rule completely, until now the team can form in a solid mass in front of the man with the ball, and bear down all opposition by sheer weight and momentum. We have observed that some journals are under the impression that we have borrowed the game from England in its present dangerous shape. The fact is that we have taken it and brutalized it. As an Englishman has well observed: "In the old game you kicked the ball; in the Rugby game you kick a man if you cannot kick the ball, but in the modern American game, you kick the ball if you cannot kick a man."

Mr. Camp proposes that the massing of men to bear down opposition by weight and momentum be given up, and the old rule about "interference" be again put in force. It will be difficult to get the amateurs to do this of their own volition. They are all afraid of seeming "babyish," and our belief is it will never be done without some pressure from parents and the faculties of the colleges, who have not as yet shown much interest in the matter. There is a suspicion abroad that the faculties do not much care as long as their men win the games, because, unfortunately, there can be little doubt that football victories do increase the numbers of a college's undergraduates. A large number of students come from non-collegiate families, whose fathers are unable to compare the advantages offered by the different colleges in the matter of mental culture and social influence, and let their sons make their own choice, which is apt to be determined by a reference to the athletic record of the year. All this is lamentable, and a determined effort should be made to stop it. That excellent Greek motto, "Not too much of anything," should hang over every college door. Football has assumed a ridiculously prominent place in the collegiate mind—which ought to be fatal to it in its present shape, even without the broken necks, legs, and noses.

OBITUAL DAYS IN CONGRESS.

While the responsibilities of congressional life are well understood, it is probable that there are few persons who have an adequate conception of its solemnities. Learned writers on congressional government have, so far as we are acquainted with their works, wholly omitted to treat this aspect of the subject. They tell us of the introduction and discussion of bills, the consultations and reports of committees, and the intricacies of legislative procedure. Further than this they do not go, and it is only by a perusal of the *Congressional Record* that we can learn to appreciate the fact that obitual days constitute an

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important, distinctive, and ever recurrent feature in the proceedings of our national Legislature.

As an illustration of this fact we may take the short, and last regular, session of Congress which closed on the 4th of March of the present year. It is true that in respect of its obitual days it was unusually solemn, but for this reason it serves only the more clearly to exemplify the truth of what has been stated. The session had barely begun when, on the 7th of December, an announcement was made to the Senate of the decease some time previously of a member of the House of Representatives. The Senate then adjourned, but on the 11th of the following February the subject was again called up in order that formal eulogies might be pronounced. This particular case is referred to because it illustrates the practice in both houses in all similar cases. First, a resolution is adopted by the house of which the deceased person was a member, and on its adoption an adjournment takes place. The resolution is then presented in the other house with like formalities, and, on some subsequent day set apart in each house, respectively, for the purpose, the resolution is called up with a view to the delivery of eulogies, after which another adjournment takes place. The object in presenting the resolution on one day and setting apart another for eulogies is to afford an opportunity to secure what may be deemed to be appropriate tributes.

It is obvious that such a practice is likely to degenerate into a mere formality, and thus to defeat the end for which it was designed; and so it appears to be in the present instance. No matter who the deceased member may have been, how brief his service, or how limited his acquaintance, the same cumbersome formalities must be gone through with in each house; and if there is no one sufficiently informed on the subject to speak from personal knowledge, eulogists are secured by solicitation and preconcert. The meaning of this practice has by no one been expressed more clearly than by Mr. Peffer. Not long after his entrance into the Senate he was engaged to make some remarks on a deceased member of the House from Pennsylvania. Fully appreciating the situation, he began his eulogy as follows: "Nothing more appropriate, Mr. President, than that when men and women die something should be said about it." In proof of this declaration he quoted from the "Psalm of Life" the words: "Life is real, life is earnest," and said that, therefore, when the Senator from Pennsylvania (Mr. Cameron) asked him to join in the memorial services, he felt it to be his duty to consent, though he had not known the deceased. The rest of the "eulogy" was composed of moral reflections. The only other speaker on this occasion, except Mr. Cameron, whose remarks were very brief, was Mr. Vilas, who said that the deceased was "relatively a stranger to him," and then indulged in a long quotation from "Thanatopsis."

In this relation it may be observed that the employment of verse is generally in inverse ratio to the speaker's knowledge of his subject. The quality of the metrical quotations varies. Sometimes, when the speaker has got hold of a local paper from the decedent's district, elegies having a decidedly original, homespun aspect, but supposed to be specially appropriate, creep in. Usually, however, the quotations are drawn from approved sources, such as the "Psalm of Life," "Thanatopsis," and "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" and there is a strong and general tendency to conclude with the words of *Antony* over *Brutus*:

> "His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

Not infrequently, when the speaker is lacking in poetic taste, history and political geography are drawn upon. The Congressional Directory always enables the orator to "locate" his subject, both in the immediate and the more remote past, and the enclyclopædias do the rest. The place of birth, if it was foreign, and the place of later residence, are sometimes described, compared, and descanted upon with remarkable comprehension of view and fulness of detail. In one case we find an elaborate eulogy of the departed associate's district, with an enthusiastic description of its wealth and resources, which would have done credit to the skill of a "promoter." In another case an eloquent Senator delivers an oration on the history and achievements of the particular race from which the (to him) unknown member of the other house had sprung.

Sometimes the initiation of the memorial services gives rise to delicate parliamentary questions. Late in February, near the close of the last regular session, attention was called to the fact that the Senate had not discharged its duty to a member of the House who had departed this life during the preceding session. It turned out that this omission was due to a misapprehension as to whose province it was to call up the House resolution for further action. The Senators from the deceased member's State were of different political faiths, and it happened that the one of the same faith as the deceased had entered the Senate since the latter's demise. A delicate question thus arose as to whether length of service or cognate political faith should have precedence. This question, it should be stated, was not raised contentiously, but altogether deferentially, as became the occasion and the "courtesy of the Senate." Finally, faith took the lead, eulogies were pronounced, and the Senate at 5:25 P. M. adjourned.

Reference has already been made to the fact that in the last regular session the number of obitual days was unusually large. There were demands for upwards of twelve in each house, and, as the session was a short one, time became an important element of consideration. In this emergency, an old device, the propriety of which in such cases may be questioned, was adopted—that of "leave to print." Towards the close of the session this was freely resorted to. In these cases, as in those in which the eulogies were actually spoken, the customary memorial volume was of course made up, with a portrait of the subject. Of each of these volumes 8,000 copies are printed, at a cost in each case of $2,720. The total cost for the session was about $30,000. This, however, was an evidence of economy. In some cases as many as 25,000 copies of a memorial volume formerly were printed, at a cost of about $12,000. The number was then cut down to 12,500, and it was subsequently reduced to the present dimension.

It must not be supposed that the practice which has been described does not now and then awaken a protest. Especially is this the case when the death of a member widely known and beloved awakens real feeling. Speaking in February last on the death of Senator Kenna, Mr. Frye said:

> "Mr. President, I have never been in full sympathy, and am not now, with our manner of paying tribute to the memories of associates who have died while in the public service. . . . The fact that Senators are selected to deliver addresses weeks and sometimes months before the occasion is an invitation to a careful preparation, which results in elaborate, philosophical, and beautiful essays, but excludes all impetuosity of speech, all words forced from the lips by the beating heart behind. It seems to me that it would be better, on the day the death of one of our associates is announced, for those Senators who wish, to speak what the heart then and there dictates. This would seem like scattering sweet flowers over the grave of a dead comrade."

Those who have read the record of the obitual days will feel inclined to concur in the sentiments of Mr. Frye, who has not been alone in deprecating what has come to be a distorted and unsightly custom. It would be far better to do away both with the preconcerting of eulogies and the printing of memorial volumes, and to let simple tributes be paid at such time and in such manner as the heart dictates and good taste approves.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

ITALY, November 10, 1893.

I WONDER if there is any channel by which the American people could be brought to a realizing sense, as the revivalists used to say, of the huge and collective wrong it is doing itself in the continuance of the fantastic system of foreign representation which it supposes to be diplomatic, but which resembles diplomacy (as recognized by the civilized world, Japan, Turkey, China, and even Siam) as much as the general training of a company of New

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England militia in 1850 does the drill of a regiment of the German Emperor's Guard. If we did not pride ourselves so much on our great common sense, and our entire freedom from the trammels of old-world precedent, one might hope that a not too long experience would reform our methods; but as we have the immovable conviction that we have discovered the political philosopher's stone and the true method of organizing a state, including civil service and diplomacy, and are no longer bound to pay attention to the precedents of a decrepit civilization, let us be at least consistent enough to drop the old way altogether, and not masquerade our republican simplicity in a grotesque copy of the habits and customs of a state of society entirely different from ours.

We have no diplomatists, while every country with which we have dealings requiring diplomatic action has its body of public servants trained by an education of years, and made effective by a careful selection and the survival of the fittest to perform services which we, if we attempt such an uphill work, are compelled to delegate to men who have all the details of the business still to learn. The consequence can only be, what it is, that all our negotiations are conducted at the seat of our own government, and that our ambassadors and ministers have just as much value, as a rule, as a figurehead or a bowsprit would have on the last Cunarder. Yet even that comparison is one which rather favors us, for the figurehead might be ornamental even if absolutely useless, while our ambassadors are almost never graceful in their places, and are always removed before they have had a chance to become so in case they have it in them to learn the peculiar etiquette of diplomatic circles.

I hear it continually said by the apologists for the American system, that we don't care for the European etiquette; that we are a plain people and have simplified all that, etc., which may be all true, but, if so, only proves that we have no right to intrude into the diplomatic world. When a man insists on forcing himself into a society of whose rules and ways he is utterly ignorant, the host generally requests the servants to show him the door; but when a government like that of the United States sends him into the society, there is a consideration of international courtesy to complicate the action, and the boor remains in the society into which nobody but a gentleman of any other nation is allowed to be sent, and the whole nation becomes responsible for the discourtesy, and is stamped with the initials of its representative. Diplomacy has its peculiar etiquette, its rules of intercourse and of precedence, which have to be learned, and in ignorance of which the best intentioned and most worthy man in America makes himself ridiculous, simply because he puts himself in a position where it is a matter of obligation to know what he should do before he undertakes it. We have had two or three ministers who, by long and intimate contact with European society, had mastered the etiquette of courts and were competent diplomatists—Marsh, Motley, Lowell, at least, will occur to anybody who knows anything of this question; and the most discouraging circumstance connected with it is this, that these men were the targets of the satire and abuse of the great mass of American travellers because they did know and observe the usages of the society in which their official duties placed them. Their travelling fellow-countrymen had the notion that the business of the minister was to introduce them into the courts to which he was accredited; they had their letters addressed to his care, and in a general way expected from him the attentions of a well-bred *valet de place;* and when they got all they were entitled to, and more than the many obligations of the minister made easy to give, they went away abusing him as the "toady of aristocracy," and a man who had sacrificed the simplicity of republican life to the pretensions of an effete aristocracy. It never occurred to one of the revilers that neither of those ministers had made the rules by which he was bound, or was at liberty to modify them to suit the pretensions of republican simplicity.

Mr. Motley was dismissed from a service he condescended to accept from love of and pride in his country, because he wore his hair parted in the middle; Marsh had his days shortened and made bitter in their ending because he had refused to insist on a violation of diplomatic etiquette; and Lowell was persecuted in his life and reviled after his death because he refused to accept the position of *valet de place* for the American emigration, or to urge the intrusion of American worshippers of aristocracy into circles which he had no more control over than he had over the Treasury of the United States. People became his enemies for life for no better cause than that he could see no reason for making it a state question whether Mr. Goldstecker of Nevada or Mr. Shoddy of New York should be presented to the Queen: On the other hand, everybody has heard of the American minister to the court of Italy who sent back his invitation tickets to the court ball, saying that he did not allow his women to go where women danced half-naked, and at the King's table refused the cigar his Majesty had the courtesy to offer him in person, saying that he preferred his own—sentiments he would have had a perfect right to put into effect and words in his own town, but which were a gross breach of courtesy in the minister of the United States at Rome. These may be samples of republican simplicity of manners, but they are none the less proofs that the man guilty of them was unfit to represent the United States in any land as civilized as China or Japan. Ben. Franklin is held up as the model of an ambassador, and so he is, but he was chosen for a special mission, accomplished that mission, for which he was well qualified, and then went home again; and this is the sort of ambassador we should always have. Consuls answer better the needs of the travellers and those of the business world at once, and our legations and embassies are simply useless ornaments in bad taste.

I have in my mind no individual in thus speaking: it is the impression of the entire service, gathered in an experience of a quarter of a century of European life, in England, France, Germany, Italy, Turkey, Austria, and Greece; and where I have seen one thing to raise my patriotic pride, I have seen twenty which brought only mortification. In advance of the arrival of the new minister to Italy, whose person is entirely unknown to me, and whom I shall probably never know, I wish to say here that his appointment in the light of known facts compromises our Government and makes his position a scandal, no matter what kind of a man he may be, or how competent for the post. His hands are dirty, and there is not enough water in the Tiber to wash them clean, nor any personal quality which can make him really respected. He is known to the entire press of Italy to have bought his place, paying a round quarter of a million of *lire Italiane* for it; and in view of this fact it becomes incredible that he should be a competent or fitting person for the place. This popular logic is sound. He will never go to a court reception when those who see him will not have recalled to memory the chief fact of his career, in the common comprehension; and when he is distinguished in public, it will always be as the man who paid a quarter of a million to be appointed ambassador. He will always be received at court, and where he can get admission in society, with polite coldness, as the representative of a country that most people respect—because the Italians are a courteous race, and because diplomacy never fails in the observance of its forms; but no position in society would induce me to face what he will have to face in the inner presentation of the polite world in Rome. X.

THE MATABELE WAR.

London, November 17, 1893.

Africa has within the past few months come with a rush to the front, and it is likely to remain prominent in the public mind until its surface suitable for the occupation of white men is, in fact, "brought within the influence" of the different European nations among whom it is being divided. Trouble has arisen in our "sphere," and the case, like all British troubles, great or small, general or local, has been forced on the consideration of Parliament. Home rule, the *Victoria* disaster, the wicked annexations of the French in Cochin China, for the time pass into the background, and Matabele, Mashona, Lobengula, Buluwayo, Sir Henry Loch, Capt. Lendy, Mr. Rhodes are the subjects of general discussion. Events in relation to Matabeleland and King Lobengula have gone the usual round of all similar dealings with uncivilized races. Reports reach this country of the discovery of a large and fertile district held by a sparse native population. Traders ingratiate themselves by presents of rifles, gunpowder, lead, and brandy. Devoted missionaries, promising blessings in this world and the next, are civilly received. Whites, for one purpose or another, edge into the territory. A friendly monarch, but dimly conscious of what he is doing, cedes certain mining and pastoral monopolies. His authority is soon repudiated by the settlers. Permission is perhaps granted for the erection of a telegraph line. Portions of the wire are cut and obstructed. In the district where the offence has been committed cattle are seized. The King declares the cattle are his, put out to grass with tribesmen. He is, however, prepared to punish the malefactors, which he accordingly proceeds to do in his own summary fashion. Refugees seek asylum in white camps and, naturally, are not delivered up to certain death. The monarch sends an embassy to the Queen, who advises him to endorse her action in giving a charter to the white men and thereby insuring some party being answerable for fair dealing on the part of his new neighbors. He consents. But his fighting men are not altogether satisfied. His envoys upon some occasion are killed—in mistake; or his people steal cattle from the whites, who retaliate by burning down a village and slaughtering a score of its inhabitants. War ensues—"purely defensive" on our part. And what has now happened is a sample of what always happens since modern inventions in gunnery:

"The machine guns worked with extraordinary effect, and the Matabele were easily kept in check from the first. The fight lasted about an hour. The enemy used their rifles, but ineffectually, and finally they fled in complete disorder. They were pursued for some distance

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by the mounted men, who, however, were not able to do much execution, and were soon recalled. Of the 7,000 Matabele who went into the fight 1,000 lay on the ground dead or wounded—90 per cent. of them by machine-gun bullets. The entire loss of the Chartered Company's forces was three killed and seven wounded, all by rifle bullets."

And two discoveries have on the present occasion been made, such as are generally made on the termination of such hostilities—one that the defeated potentate is not so bad as, upon the call to arms, he was depicted; the other, that, no matter how the war commenced, there is now to be no going back.

"Lobengula's capital was reached without mishap. The place was deserted save by a few old men and women, and Messrs. Fairbairn and Usher, white traders, whom everybody had supposed dead at the hands of the exasperated Matabele. They had been treated with strange forbearance, they said. . . . The armed settlers are delighted with the new country which is being opened up. They have come to stay."

So far matters have gone in the present instance. We all know what the end will be. If Lobengula and his warriors are not all killed, they will, probably, "assured of protection," "come in," to find themselves almost powerless in their own country, at the mercy of a police force recruited, perhaps, from some neighboring people formerly at war with them, and officered by whites. Shocking wars such as the present, with their sequence of annexation of territory, generally arise from the greed of gain or official insolence of individuals or companies, seldom at the desire of the home Government, whose influence is generally involuntary and meant to promote peace. There never was a ministry composed of more humane men than is the present. Mr. Sidney Buxton, undersecretary for the colonies, upon whom, with Lord Ripon, the main responsibility has fallen, is a humanitarian and Liberal of the first water, grandson of one whose name he bears who took a foremost place in the philanthropic movement of his day. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Morley, Lord Ripon, and he are some of the most responsible members of the Government—but the truth is, the home Government is little if at all responsible in this matter. It has done its best, but, as usual in such cases, it, at a distance, is incapable of counteracting the aggrandizement and selfishness of individuals on the spot. We often hear it said that "governments have no conscience." In the present instance the Government shows more conscientiousness than individuals, but is powerless to act consistently. Once the curse of being discovered falls upon an uncivilized race with land suitable for occupation by whites or containing unworked wealth capable of development, its fate is sealed. The good-will of a home government is as unavailing to save it as is the Government at Washington to save the shrieking black being made a petroleum candle of by a degraded mob in one of the Southern States. Those who first obtain a footing are whites of the lowest class and most selfish instincts. "A church clergyman played the fiddle—most of the company were drunk by ten o'clock," is the account of a charity ball in Mashonaland given in a book lately written by two nursing sisters. Society does not improve as quickly in such lands as in the competition between equals in those previously unoccupied, say, as in California. A veritable hell upon earth reigns until some responsible form of government, under the ægis of an already constituted power, is established. After this the natives, no less surely but perhaps somewhat more gently, are led to their fate. That of the hecatombs swept away by machine guns in a last stand for *their* highest conception of life is not so sad as that of the survivors, broken in spirit by their impact with a new order of things and decimated by drink * and disease, lingering out life perhaps in cages, like the Kaffirs of the diamond mines, the degraded survivors in lands where they once roamed free.

A candid consideration of the Matabele question should lead to individual heart-searching of our natural tendencies to the acquisition of wealth at the expense of others. Rights acquired for practically nothing by charter are now valued at millions on the money market. It also appears to me to argue strongly in favor of teetotalism, for if much of the demoralization of subject races is brought about by the sale of drink, it is impossible for those who maintain the desirability of drinking customs effectually to protest against its export and sale to other peoples. The outcome of the debate should be a warning against factiousness in politics. Had the present war in South Africa arisen under a Conservative régime, not many Liberals would have been ready to consider candidly the difficulties of the Government. In truth, while a Conservative Government finds it easier to carry reform measures because its opponents are pledged to the cause of reform, so a Liberal Government finds it easier to steer through a difficulty such as the present because its opponents are inclined to support all assertions of British power abroad. Those who do not live under a flag carried in an ever recurring succession of such wars cannot conceive the shame and horror they bring. We are, as it were, carried on by inexorable fate into a series of situations from which we naturally revolt. As citizens we must accept complicity in government; as individuals we cannot regard the extension of empire through such means, however unavoidable, as great or glorious. John Woolman's ideal, that of the early Friends—abstention from complicity in all that falls short of the highest standard—is impossible of fulfilment. The attempt to practise it would lead with most men to a quietist indifference, a concentration of the powers and sympathies upon our own narrow circle. We feel impelled, each in his own degree and mode, to step down into the arena of human suffering and action, and, soiled as we may be by the dust and mud of conflict, to bear our part, even if we do not always fully see our way. The invariable fate of nations such as those with whom we are now dealing must render difficult to thousands a heartfelt acceptance of comforting platitudes regarding "His goodness being over all His works."

Concerning the ultimate gain to humanity there can be no question. Matabeleland in its present condition might support some thousands in a state of semi-barbarism. Developed and inhabited by a white race, it would sustain millions in comfort and plenty. And so, in consideration of the benefit to mankind in the long run, we must strive to turn our thoughts from the inevitable horrors involved in the change.

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill."

But we cannot believe that the present war will result in real good to either of the parties waging it. D. B.

* In this connection there comes to my mind a passage from a letter of a young friend who went out as surgeon on a trading steamer to the African coast: "On Sunday we cast anchor opposite a church and missionary station and landed 2,000 cases of gin."

Correspondence.

DUELLING IN VIRGINIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of the subject of Virginian duels touched upon in the "Notes" of the last *Nation*, I send you an excerpt from the Council Journal of that State which may prove of interest. I made it some years ago, when investigating another subject, and I have never seen it in print. The journal from which it is taken is of great value to students, and it is to be hoped that the revived interest in Virginian history may induce the State authorities to take measures for its speedy and unabridged publication.

The citation is made from the minutes for Friday, February 27th, 1778, the following members being present: His Excellency (Patrick Henry), Dudley Digges, John Blair, David Jameson, James Madison, and Bolling Stark, Esquires.

"The proceedings of a general Court Martial on the trial of Lieutenants [*sic*] Walker Richardson of the Second Regiment of State Troops for fighting a Duel with Lieutenant Triplett of the same Regiment Contrary to the Articles of War section 7th & Article Second, being laid by the Governor before the Board for their Opinion thereupon and it appearing that the said Richardson was sentenced by the said Court to be cashiered for a Breach of the said article, but that inasmuch as he had conducted himself as a Gentleman & Officer it was recommended that he be reinstated to his former Rank: The Council taking the same into Consideration are Unanimously of Opinion that the said Sentence be confirmed, & to shew their abhorrence of the practice of Duelling notwithstanding the Recommendation of the Court advised his Excellency to let him remain cashiered; which the Governor orders accordingly."

W. P. Trent.

Sewanee, Tenn., November 18, 1893.

SAND-LOTS DISCRIMINATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Please allow me a few lines to call attention to the absurd outburst of misplaced sentiment regarding the landing of a few Russian convicts at San Francisco—for the men who landed were convicts pure and simple; political exiles are rarely, if ever, sent to Sakhalien. One is puzzled to notice the difference between the way San Francisco receives them and the way she receives peaceable Chinese immigrants.—Very respectfully,

Charles R. Crane.

Chicago, November 21, 1893.

THE LETTERING OF BOOK BACKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some time since you were so kind as to allow me space to complain of the absurdity of sending finely bound books to their readers with the pages uncut. By the number of letters received from well-known scholars, I know my words were acceptable.

I wish now to complain of a still greater evil: I mean the ineffectual and capricious manner in which the backs of books are often lettered. As a sample of the ineffectual, look at the backs of Miss Alice Bacon's charming books on Japan. The letters are undersized, traced in silver—easily tarnished. They would not readily be found on the shelf by any one who had not seen them. "Capricious" titles are those applied in antique or fancy letters, or Roman letters highly decorated, like those

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on the early editions of Hawthorne's 'Note-Books.' This practice is on the increase, and, worse still, the illustrated books intended for the use of children, like Mrs. Ewing's, are often printed in letters wholly different from those the children learn at school.

First-class publishers should hold themselves above such devices. I have long wished to draw attention to this abuse, but an accident makes me at this moment especially indignant. My catalogue marks case and shelf—the books are not numbered. Three days ago I went hastily to the proper shelf for an English book. I did not see it, so sent my housekeeper, an educated woman, to look more carefully. The matter was urgent, and, when she did not succeed, I, going on with my writing, begged the services of two young friends who dropped in. More than two hours were spent in vain, and the search ceased. That evening I took a small lamp and went through the case, imagining the book might have been displaced. When I came to the proper shelf, my lamp glanced over a much ornamented back in which not one letter was legible. I had to take the book down and open it, and behold, it was the one we had been seeking!

Books should be labelled in Roman letters only. These should be large and clear and broadly traced.

CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

WASHINGTON, D.C., November 24, 1893.

Notes.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS have nearly ready an illustrated 'Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds,' by Claude Phillips, and 'The Barbary Coast,' by Dr. Henry M. Field.

J. Selwin Tait & Sons announce 'Sandow on Physical Culture,' by G. Mercer Adam.

A 'Memorial Story of America' is in the press of John C. Winston & Co., Philadelphia—a new topical history of the United States, edited with many colaborers by Hamilton W. Mabie and Marshall H. Bright.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. send out three more volumes in the comely Riverside edition of Thoreau's Writings, viz., Mr. Blake's excerpts from the journal for Summer, Autumn, and Winter, the first-named containing a map of Concord, with all the famous localities and residences indicated; and 'Natural History of Intellect, and Other Papers,' being the twelfth and final volume in the Riverside edition of Emerson's Writings. This embraces eight papers from the *Dial*, two from the *North American Review*, and three hitherto unprinted lectures on "The Natural History of the Intellect," "Memory," and "Boston." The second is a slight matter, but the discursive eulogium on his native city is as just and discriminating as it is warm, while for style, thought, and "system" nothing could be more characteristic of Emerson than "The Natural History of the Intellect." As one reads consecutively these too compact pithy and brilliant sayings one recalls that distinguished delivery, halting and detached, which supplied Emerson's listeners with the necessary pauses for assimilation and digestion. There was, perhaps, almost as much art in this as in his choice of words. The book has a general index to the thought of Emerson—a difficult task—and one to his quotations, assigning them to their respective sources. One could have wished for a third, of references to his contemporaries.

The volume of eighteen 'Discourses, by Edward H. Hall, pastor of the First Parish, Cambridge, Mass.' (Boston: George H. Ellis), contains a powerful sermon against the abuses of our pension legislation. Many of our readers will remember it as having been separately published two or three years ago. The whole volume is marked by that high style of thought and feeling which has always characterized the best spiritual products of New England, and which has done so much to keep religion from stagnation and to hold public and private conduct amenable to the highest standards.

The appearance of the second volume of the translation of Dr. Moeller's excellent handbook, 'History of the Christian Church in the Middle Ages' (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co.), will be welcomed by all who have learned to value the good qualities of the first. It is only to be regretted that the work of translation should have been put into so incapable hands. Mr. Rutherfurd's servile adherence to the original makes it difficult at times to know in what language one is reading, and this defect has already proved serious in the practical use of the book for purposes of instruction. The bibliographies, good as far as they go, might well have been increased with especial reference to the needs of English-speaking students.

'Across France in a Caravan' (Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.) is a brightly written account of the journey of an Englishman, his wife, and his dog, from Bordeaux to Genoa. The average American, who wants to be transported as rapidly as may be, by land or by water, from one place to another, will probably look down upon the Briton's enthusiasm; but even if he cannot enter into the spirit which led the author to prefer a caravan on wheels to a *rapide*, he cannot fail to enjoy the account of the trip, bright and breezy from beginning to end. Troubles and adventures, mishaps and incidents are numerous enough to prevent any sense of monotony, and while at times the author is guilty of efforts at witticism which are apt to fail, he is abundantly and naturally humorous, sees the comical side of things, and hits off the ridiculous and absurd in officials, innkeepers, peasantry, and nobility with a very happy touch. It is not so much the descriptions of places visited, most of them better described by other travellers, as the recital of the moving accidents by field and flood which charm the reader, and the insight he thus obtains into the character of the thorough Briton. The book is richly illustrated with very clever sketches, which greatly add to its already entertaining character.

Dr. Michael Foster's 'Text-Book of Physiology' (Macmillan) is at present undergoing its sixth revision. Parts I., IV., and V., treating respectively of the blood, the tissues of movement, and the vascular mechanism; the senses and reproduction; the chemical basis of the animal body, have already appeared. The other parts, on digestion, respiration, and the central nervous system, will appear shortly. From its first issue as a single octavo volume of moderate size in 1876, it has so grown that each of the five parts is, in this sixth edition, nearly as large as the entire original work. From the beginning it was recognized as a masterpiece, and at once took a prominent place among text-books of physiology, and, to our shame, found also a prominent place among pirated works. All those who labored so long and assiduously for international copyright will be rejoiced to know that this edition is copyrighted under the new law. If one seeks for the reason of the high estimate in which this work is held on both sides of the Atlantic, by the most advanced students as well as by general readers, it may be found in the simplicity and beauty of the style, in the lack of personal prejudice on the part of the author, in his thorough familiarity with the progress of physiological knowledge, and in the rare judgment with which purely hypothetical ideas and those founded on sufficient evidence are discriminated. The work is, therefore, a most admirable guide to physiological progress as well as general physiological knowledge. The rapidity in the growth of physiological knowledge and the thoroughness of the revision of this edition are indicated by nearly 500 additional pages, as compared with the corresponding parts of the fifth edition. The feeling of confidence inspired by the work is also enhanced by the fact that, under the author's inspiring guidance, students have arisen who, in certain fields, have outstripped their master, and he has secured their coöperation in making the work, as just revised, a truly great treatise.

The revived Geological Survey of Iowa, under the direction of Prof. Samuel Calvin, has recently issued its first volume, in which the two chief papers are by C. R. Keyes, Assistant State Geologist; one giving a general account of the formations of the State, the other presenting a full bibliography of its geology and palæontology. The most important part of the first of these papers concerns the unconformability between the lower and upper members of the carboniferous system, or the Mississippian and the Pennsylvanian series, as they are now coming to be called. The Algonkian rocks, represented in the Sioux quartzite, and the cretaceous formation, including valuable deposits of clay, extend the series of formations over a greater time range than is common in the central States.

Since 1891 there has appeared in the *Revue Bleue* a series of articles, the last published in October, 1893, on "L'Histoire des réputations littéraires." These articles, signed by M. Paul Stapfer, have been collected by him and republished by Hachette under the title 'Des réputations littéraires: Essais de morale et d'histoire,' first series. The volume contains all the articles in the *Revue Bleue* and as many more new ones. The order is somewhat changed, and part of the work has been rewritten. The essays are remarkably interesting; they not only throw much light on the main subject of which M. Stapfer treats, but contain many excellent criticisms and sound judgments on authors and their works. The articles on "Manières diverses de survivre," "Le fond et la forme," "Première méditation sur le petit nombre des élus," "L'heure du génie," "La comédie du hasard," and the concluding "L'avenir de la littérature," are especially to be noted among the sixteen which make up the book.

The firm of Hachette & Cie. issues an *Almanach* bearing its name and full of valuable information. An interesting feature is the series of prognostications by eminent men, such as Leo XIII., Bismarck, Reclus, Jules Simon, and others. Of these the remarks of Bourget: "I have come to the conclusion that the greater number of the men and women who obey the precepts of the Church are free from the moral disorders I have described in my novels," and of Vogüé: "The certainty of peace—I do not say peace itself—would, within half a century, engender corruption and decadence more deadly to mankind than the most frightful of wars," are suggestive.

Owing to difficulties attending the proof-reading of the catalogue, Renan's library will not be sold for some weeks to come. The edit-

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ing of the catalogue, which will be a work of considerable value, is in charge of Renan's son, the artist. It will contain about 7,000 titles. Renan's whole library numbered about 10,000 or 12,000. The catalogued books are only those of importance; the others are to be given over to an ordinary dealer in second-hand books, who will dispose of them. Mme. Renan has quitted the apartments in the Collège de France, and now resides in the Avenue de l'Observatoire.

In transitional periods of every literature there are certain writers whose works refuse to fit smoothly into any of the regular pigeonholes of critical classification. These works are neither epics, nor lyrics, nor dramas, nor satires, nor novels, nor philosophical systems, nor histories, but partake, in protean and confused fashion, of all or many of the fully developed types. Besides the interest of curiosity attaching to them, to the student of comparative criticism they stand very much as the long-desiderated "missing link" might to the student of comparative biology: they catch the *Zeitgeist* midway, as it were, in the act of changing its clothes. To such students Signor Ireneo Sanesi has rendered a service in his learned little work, 'Il cinquecentista Ortensio Laudo' (Pistoia: Fratelli Bracalli). It must be premised that Signor Sanesi writes for scholars. Knowledge of Laudo's social and literary environment he presupposes; and to the general reader, even were he attracted by so remote a phenomenon as this sixteenth-century "chameleon-satyr," the cautious fulness of the Italian scholar's conjectural hesitations, and the heaviness of his bibliographical asides, would very likely prove altogether daunting.

Under the title 'Studi Letterari,' and apparently as vol. viii. of his collected 'Opere' (Bologna: Zanichelli), Giosuè Carducci reprints three essays from the earlier 'Studi Letterari' (Leghorn, 1874), and adds a fourth which has as yet appeared only in the *Nuova Antologia* (1881). The first are the studies entitled 'Delle Rime di Dante,' 'Della varia fortuna di Dante,' and 'Musica e Poesia nel mondo elegante italiano del secolo xiv.'; the last is called 'Un Poeta d'Amore nel secolo xii.', and is a highly sympathetic, as well as scholarly, treatment of the Provençal poet Bernart de Ventadorn. All the essays have been retouched, and several interesting notes have been added.

'A Primer of Italian Literature,' by F. J. Snell, M. A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press), is a very slight and second-hand affair. The author tells us that his book "does not profess to present a complete account of Italian Literature," and clearly this should not be the aim of a primer. All the more, however, should every word in such a sketch be just the right word, reflecting the latest and best opinions upon the subject. Mr. Snell does not seem to have used even the most familiar histories of Italian literature (*e. g.*, Gaspary's and Bartoli's), to say nothing of the now extensive body of special treatises.

Good Roads is the title of an illustrated monthly magazine published in this city by the Roads Improvement Bureau of the League of American Wheelmen. It was founded last year, and is now in its fourth volume. Vols. i.-iii. are before us in cloth binding. They constitute a valuable repertory of facts concerning the condition of roads in many States of the Union, as well as detailed instruction in road-making, with diagrams and photographic views from nature. Portraits of contributors (in some cases State Governors) satisfy curiosity in regard to the features of an Altgeld or a Russell. An attempt is also made to lighten the contents occasionally by a story, but the main impression is, as it should be, a serious one, and we must all wish well to the propaganda carried on by *Good Roads* and enforced by so many pictorial "awful examples."

The *Mother's Nursery Guide* (*Babyhood*) completes this month its ninth volume, without exhausting the field which this wisely conducted periodical has made peculiarly its own. As a mother writes to the editor, "It seems as though every subject had been touched upon, and yet I am anxious to ask a few questions about my own particular child"; and so it must be to the end.

In *Macmillan's Magazine* for November Mr. C. H. Firth reveals a fresh but limited source of information concerning the early life of Samuel Pepys when he was "my servant" or factotum to Sir Edward Montagu (afterwards Earl of Sandwich). Some of his letters to this nobleman found their way into Carte's collection, now in the Bodleian Library, and Mr. Firth extracts what is characteristic and historically important in them. They were written between the years 1656 and 1660, and three, dating from December, 1659, describe the popular rising against the rule of the army on the eve of the Restoration. One might expect all these interesting documents to be appended in full to Mr. Wheatley's new edition of the Diary. In the same number of the magazine an anonymous writer offers "Some Thoughts on Rousseau." They are not very valuable, even as a plea in abatement of M. Brunetière's recent harsh verdict, but they show how fascinating the author of 'Émile' continues to be, to friends and enemies alike. He and his works, says this writer, occupy more than eighty pages in the British Museum catalogue. What remains to be done for Rousseau, after all the attempts to estimate his character and to deduce a consistent philosophy from his writings, is to give readers of to-day an adequate conception of the intellectual reward derivable from a perusal of his works for their own sake.

Among the noteworthy contents of the November *Geographical Journal* is Lord Dunmore's account of his extensive journey through the Pamirs last year. It would have been far more interesting could he have been permitted, in addition to the geographical details of his journey, to describe the military and political events which took place in this region at the time of his visit. The destruction of a Chinese fort by the Russians is mentioned, and an incident is related showing the extreme jealousy of the former nation of any attempt to occupy the disputed territory. Among the strange places visited was a "perfectly square frozen lake" on the summit of a pass, 15,700 feet high, which had all the appearance of an artificial reservoir, "its sloping sides being paved by nature with flat stones fitting closely together, giving it all the appearance of a piece of solid mason work." Lord Dunmore experienced very cold weather. Even in September the thermometer went below zero at night, while "on Christmas eve the temperature fell to 38° below zero, and I woke to find three of my horses lying frozen at my tent door." Some notes on Southern Nyasaland are interesting chiefly as showing the progress made in developing the country by plantations and road-making. Mr. H. G. Schlichter describes his method of determining geographical longitudes by photography, and the Rev. J. A. Wylie contributes a description of a very recent journey through central Mantchuria. A singular native account of the fall of Khartum and the death of Gordon is given in a paper upon the Hausa pilgrimages. The author, the Rev. C. H. Robinson, proposes to attempt to reach the Hausa States from the Niger and from thence to cross the desert to Tripoli. One of his principal objects will be the collection of specimens of native Hausa literature and the study of the dialectical differences existing in this language, with a view to the eventual publication of the New Testament.

The chief article in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for November has for its title "The Discovery of America by Columbus," but it is in reality a sketch of the gradual development of our knowledge concerning the ocean from the most ancient times to the present. It is accompanied by an exceedingly interesting series of fifteen historical maps. The author, Dr. John Murray, in showing the geographical conceptions of the ancients, dwells especially upon the work of Eratosthenes, who shocked the men of his day by doubting the geographical knowledge of Homer and saying that the real localities described in the 'Odyssey' could never be discovered "until they had found out the cobbler who had sewed up the bag of Æolus." Considering his intimate relations with the *Challenger* expedition, it is not strange that Dr. Murray holds our advances in oceanography to be the most brilliant addition to our knowledge of the earth made during the past generation. In the closing paragraphs of an unusually interesting treatment of a threadbare subject, he shows a decided leaning to Mr. Jules Marcou's theory that the name America is derived from a range of mountains in Nicaragua. There is also an appreciative notice of Emin Pasha, with a portrait from a photograph taken in Zanzibar in 1891. The last entries in Emin's field-book, which with other papers was secured by a Congo Free State official, Capt. Dhanis, of present fame, are given, but they have no especial interest as they refer mainly to the marches of his caravan. On August 9 he writes: "By the negligence of our Manyema chief, all my collections have been lost in the River Tunda, which we had to cross in a canoe. What a pity!" An extract is also given from a letter to his sister in 1871, in which he says: "I have quickly gained a reputation as a doctor. This is due to the fact that I know Turkish and Arabic as few Europeans know them, and that I have so completely adopted the habits and customs of the people that no one believes that an honest German is disguised behind a Turkish name. Don't be afraid; I have only adopted the name, I have not become a Turk."

The present term has seen the opening of a new hall for resident women students in Oxford. St. Hilda's starts under the auspices of Miss Beale, the energetic head of the ladies' college, Cheltenham, and will probably always contain a certain number of her old pupils. A beginning is made with a total of nine. Somerville Hall is building again; the second large house, opened a very few years ago, being already full to overflowing. Another new development of the work of the "Association for the Education of Women" is in the direction of a more definite organization of the so-called "Home Students." This body, which includes several American ladies, now numbers forty-five members, of whom twenty-five are reading for the University honor examinations. Their interests will in future be specially cared for by a lady principal assisted by a small committee. This step places these women students to some extent under the same conditions as the non-collegiate undergraduate body who live under the rule of a censor and a delegacy.

A Faust exhibition is now being held in the

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Goethe house at Frankfort under the charge of a German patriotic society, its object being to show the influence of the Faust legend on the intellectual life of Germany. Beginning with the historical Faust, the development of the legend is traced by contemporary accounts, including the various versions, native and foreign, of the *Faustbücher*. The collection includes a vast number of programmes of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" as well as of Goethe's drama, and copies of all operas, parodies, satires, etc., based on this subject. Among the translations of Goethe's "Faust" are twenty-one English, eighteen French, four Russian, three each of Swedish, Portuguese, and Italian, concluding with one Hebrew; the poem being represented in sixteen languages in all.

—A correspondent writes:

"Geographical accuracy was from first to last a cardinal aim of the late Francis Parkman. It is doubtful whether any historian covering so large a field has left so few of its localities unvisited and unexamined. He states that 'a strong natural taste led him to the regions of the wild West,' and that he had 'studied his subjects as much in the open air, by camp-fires and in canoes, as at the library-table.' East, west, north, and south, the authority for his topographical descriptions is personal observation. But, aware that while ever learning we are never able to come to knowledge of geography, he never hesitated to correct errors concerning any natural feature when he had fallen into them. An instance of this love of the precise truth may be observed in comparing different editions of his Life of La Salle. He was anxious to ascertain the particular point on the Illinois River at which La Salle had passed the winter on his return from discovering the mouth of the Mississippi. This spot, he learned, had been supposed to be Buffalo Rock (p. 293), while his studies had brought him to the conclusion that it must have been Starved Rock, three miles further down the river and on its other bank. For settling the question he made a journey to Utica, the nearest village. He spent more than a day in conference with the inhabitants and in examining localities, and was fully confirmed in his former conclusions (p. 224). In giving reasons for his opinion in his Life of La Salle in the edition of 1870 (p. 288), he said, 'The rock fortified by La Salle [and on which he wintered] stood, we are told, at the edge of the water [as he had described Starved Rock], while Buffalo Rock is at some distance from the bank.' Mr. Parkman's account of the scenery here induced me, though living in another State, to explore the neighborhood. Halting at Ottawa I felt inclined to make the journey down the Illinois in the same way that La Salle had voyaged there. I therefore procured a little boat with two oarsmen. Many things were of interest on this passage, but what most surprised me on arriving at Buffalo Rock was to see that, so far from being 'some distance from the bank,' it formed the bank itself, and rose sheer out of the water no less truly than even Starved Rock. When this discovery was made known to Mr. Parkman, he struck out the above sentence in his first edition, from the edition of 1879 (p. 293) and all subsequent issues. Sending me a corrected copy, he expressed his regret that his own journey to La Salle's winter-quarters had been by rail and not by boat, so that he had never seen Buffalo Rock from the water, and hence had fallen into a mistake which no man was more glad than he to have detected and corrected."

—On November 14 Prof. Edward Caird was elected Master of Balliol, and, on the day before, the appointment of Mr. Ingram Bywater as Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford was gazetted. Thus the positions filled by the late Master of Balliol have been separated, and his official functions will be discharged by two men of great eminence. Prof. Bywater enjoys an American as well as a European reputation as a textual and diplomatic scholar, and in Oxford he is known to be a very able and inspiring lecturer. The new Master of Balliol also needs no introduction to the larger world. The fame of his books has attracted many from far to Glasgow, where he has been for upwards of twenty years, having been elected while holding a fellowship at Merton College, Oxford. He was an undergraduate at Balliol, and now he returns after thirty years to take up the work begun there by Lewis Nettleship and T. H. Green, whose pupil and friend he was, and to give needed strength to a group of very successful and very hard-worked teachers. His power to lead has been long remarked upon.

—At a joint meeting of the Oxford Philological and Ancient History Societies held early this month in Oriel College common-room, Mr. J. L. Myres gave the results of his recent collection of evidence bearing upon the earliest stages of culture in the lands bordering on the Greek archipelago. Hitherto no implements of the palæolithic period have been found in this area. Polished stone axe-heads and hammers have appeared in the lowest strata at Hissarlik, Tiryns, Mykenæ, and Athens, but nothing more primitive. This is partly accounted for by the materials at hand; volcanic and other crystalline rocks having no fracture to invite the most primitive work done upon flints in more northerly regions. Chert enters largely into some Asiatic limestones, and is found in Naxos, but was apparently not used in the early period. The polished implements above mentioned are found sporadically in the whole Mediterranean basin. The Greek specimens, those from Melos and Eubœa, for instance, are made out of rocks found in the neighborhood. Flakes of obsidian from Melos were fashioned at Corinth and at Kephissia in Attica. At Platæa one of the volcanic glazes of Thera was used. Definite settlements belonging to this period of workmanship existed at Hissarlik (the first town) and at Athens, where its traces have been unearthed under the Mykenæan walls behind the Stoa of Eumenes. Less decisive evidence has been gathered at Mykenæ and Tiryns. Traces of similar settlements at Lechaion, Eleusis, Eubœan Castri, on the peninsula of Myndos, and in Cos, have been made out. In Egypt, just before the bronze age, came a hardened-copper period. This is made out also at Hissarlik and in Thera, though in both places the copper is found along with traces of a more advanced civilization. Mr. Myres then discussed the hand-made pottery of the bronze age from Hissarlik, Thera, Syra, and other islands, and pointed out its correspondence with the earliest Cypriote specimens—these last being certainly not earlier than the bronze age. To this age belong the "marble-workers" of Paros, Antiparos, and Amorgos, as well as certain centres of Naxos, Amorgos, and Syra and other islands, as well as at Mykenæ, Tiryns, and in Attica. From handmade the pottery of this period advanced to a rude machine manufacture. Glazes were used and some forms of ornament. The specimens from Thera are remarkable and approach the Mykenæan type. This last may or may not have come later. Then followed a discussion of Mykenæan forms, with which the paper ended. Mr. Myres combated the notion of a Carian origin for the Mykenæan civilization and its products, and closed with a brief mention of new facts lately gathered by him in Crete.

—Dr. Schliemann described in his 'Troja' and 'Ilios' seven successive layers of city ruins found in his excavations at Hissarlik. This number was increased in 1890 to nine by the discovery of two layers intervening between the highest (or Roman) layer, formerly called the seventh, and the sixth, or so-called Lydian layer. These two layers were, from the character of the finds, attributed to the early and the later Greek period. Dr. Schliemann was baffled by the fact that he could discover no acropolis for the sixth, seventh, or eighth layers. Dr. Dörpfeld, who in May resumed the excavations at the expense of Dr. Schliemann's widow, makes in the *Mittheilungen* of the German Archæological Society (xviii, 2), which appeared November 7, a significant report clearly establishing the fact that the Romans, in building the great temple of Ilian Athene, cut down the highest part of the acropolis, and thus destroyed all traces of the acropolis belonging to those layers. The excavations of 1890 had brought to light two magnificent buildings in the sixth layer, besides "Lydian" jars, much pottery, and one entire vase of the Mykenæan or Homeric period. The evidence favored the identification of this layer with the Homeric Troy or the period of Mykenæ and Tiryns. On the other hand, the fact that only two buildings and no city wall had been discovered for this layer seemed to indicate that the Troy of Priam must be referred to a lower level, namely, the second, where a magnificent wall of prehistoric style had been discovered, although its architecture and the character of the finds suggested a more primitive culture than that painted in Homeric song. The sixth layer has now in large part been exposed by Dr. Dörpfeld and reveals the most imposing wall of pre-Roman times. The remains of seven vast buildings have been brought to light which have in part the ground plan of the ancient Greek temples and of the halls of Tiryns and Mykenæ, though surpassing those in proportions and in the carefulness of their architecture. The remains of one admirable building contained a hall 37 feet by 30. The trunk of a stone pillar in its axis showed by its form and position that the building was originally divided by three wooden pillars into two naves. The resemblance of this building to the temple exhumed at Neandria is very marked.

—Further, Dr. Dörpfeld uncovered the fortifications of this city in many places, and found them some sixteen feet in thickness with a still greater height. On the outside the wall has a uniform slope. A strong-tower fifty-eight feet in diameter contains an inner staircase. In strength, proportions, and careful architecture this tower will compare favorably with any tower of Greek antiquity. The neat work of the corners and the nice dressing of the stones might refer it to a period later than Homer, to the historical Greek period, did we not know that in historical times Troy was too insignificant to need the erection of such walls. Moreover, the tower, built over in Greek times, and partly damaged by the addition of an outer stair, was finally in Roman times buried under massive foundations. The correspondences in stone-work of the wall and the houses place the tower and the buildings evidently in the same layer. In the houses were found both local pottery and also pottery of the Mykenæan style. Dr. Dörpfeld's fuller statement, with plans and cuts of finds, may be looked for some time before next spring.

—Mr. Wilmot Harrison, in the preface to his new volume, 'Memorable Paris Houses' (Charles Scribner's Sons), complains that this work, "originally intended, and prepared, for publication in French," is "still awaiting the enterprise of Parisian *éditeurs*." The reason for

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this lack of enterprise, if it be a lack, is perhaps not far to seek. The book is interesting; the ground it covers is fertile and has not been fully worked by other writers; the names of dwellers in the "memorable houses" are all, or nearly all, famous. But there are many inaccuracies—enough of them, certainly, to justify the hesitation of Paris publishers, who, after a glance at the manuscript, must have come to the conclusion that a thorough revision would be the indispensable preliminary to publication. On the very first page the date of the decree forbidding Mme. de Staël to reside within forty miles of Paris is given as 1802, when it was actually issued on October 15, 1803. Two lines lower down, her husband's health is stated to have been the cause of her delay in returning to the capital after the Emperor's fall, no hint being given that the husband in question was not Baron de Staël-Holstein, who died in May, 1802, but her second husband, Albert de Rocca. In speaking of Balzac's removal in 1830 to the Rue Cassini, it is stated that "sixteen romances had appeared from his pen." Proudhon is said to have come to Paris in 1838; it was in November, 1839, and he finally settled there at the end of 1847, not in 1848. It was in March, 1849, that he was condemned to prison and to a fine of four hundred pounds sterling, and in December, 1849, that he was married, not between 1852–1858. These are samples of the inaccuracies too frequent in Mr. Harrison's book. His method of abbreviating references to authorities is also reprehensible: "Galerie des Cont. Illus.," "Les Cont.," "Hist. Cont." are necessarily conundrums to the ordinary reader. Through carelessness or ignorance most titles of French works are disfigured: "Salambo," "Le Peau Chagrin," "Souvenirs Contemporaines," "La Chambre Bleu," "The Philosophe sous les Toits," are specimens taken at haphazard. The point of the story of Frederick Lemaître is absurdly destroyed: "I am *flamé*," a new word, certainly not French, which is translated by the author "dished, diddled," which is probably meant for *floué*. With plenty of corrections the book would prove useful; at present it is not reliable.

PATER'S PLATO AND PLATONISM.

Plato and Platonism: A Series of Lectures. By Walter Pater. Macmillan & Co. 1893.

THESE lectures evince the same intimate studies, the same literary gifts and graces, the same penetrating and vital sympathy with the Hellenic spirit, that revealed themselves more than twenty years ago in the essay on Winckelmann, and later again in the history of the pilgrimage, mental and spiritual, of 'Marius the Epicurean.' It is not Mr. Pater's object to criticise dogmatically the general body of Platonic doctrine, but simply to enable the student to understand Plato—to put him in his historic place as a result from antecedent and contemporary movements of Greek speculation and life. It is his object, following a striking suggestion of Hegel's, to help the student, "as in reading 'Hamlet' or the 'Divine Comedy,' so in reading the 'Republic,' to watch for its dramatic interest, the spectacle of a powerful, of a sovereign intellect translating itself, amid a group of complex conditions which can never, in the nature of things, occur again, at once pliant and resistant to them, into a great literary monument."

The scene amid which this interesting drama is enacted is the Grecian states, seething with life and motion—a small vortex of contagious energy amid the quiescence of the antique world. This dreaming Oriental world, in which "the conscious individual, with his rights and capacities, is nothing," the Greek had awakened.

"He had stepped forth," says Mr. Pater, pursuing another thought of Hegel's in a characteristic paragraph which we quote for its importance, "like the young prince in the fable, to set things going. To the philosophic eye, however, about the time when the history of Thucydides leaves off they might seem to need a regulator, ere the very wheels wore themselves out. Mobility! We do not think that a necessarily undesirable condition of life, of mind, of the physical world about us. 'Tis the dead things, we may remind ourselves, that after all are most entirely at rest, and might reasonably hold that motion (vicious, fallacious, infectious motion, as Plato inclined to think) covers all that is best worth being. And as for philosophy—mobility, versatility, the habit of thought that can most adequately follow the subtle movement of things—that surely were the secret of wisdom, of the true knowledge of them. . . . It means susceptibility, sympathetic intelligence, capacity, in short. It was the spirit of God that moved, moves still, in every form of real power everywhere. Yet to Plato motion becomes the token of unreality in things, of falsity in our thoughts about them. It is just this principle of mobility, in itself so welcome to all of us, that, with all his contriving care for the future, he desires to withstand. Everywhere he displays himself as an advocate of the immutable. The 'Republic' is a proposal to establish it indefectibly in a very precisely regulated, a very exclusive community, which shall be a refuge for elect souls from an ill-made world."

How this singular attitude came about, what were the currents of thought, the forces personal, political, and social, which acted and reacted on Plato's mind, Mr. Pater sketches vividly and compactly in the chapters which describe Plato's forerunners, and his relations to Socrates and the Sophists. In tracing his ancestry, the factors of his mental constitution, our author has naturally something to say of Heraclitus, who, in the saying, "All things flow," and the changes he rings on it, anticipated vaguely our modern conception of a universe in constant flux and motion, evolving itself by a secular process; something also of Parmenides, who, in his conception of the absolute and the one, again prefigures the unity of that inscrutable eternal energy which is immanent in the process of the universe; and, once more, of Pythagoras, who to the Heraclitean flux adds the conception of number and of rhythm—that divine harmony which issues, poetically, in the music of the spheres—and who bequeaths, moreover, to Plato that notion of preëxistence and metempsychosis which so dominates his mind, and which he has used to purposes so spiritual and so lofty. The Doctrine of Rest, the Doctrine of Motion, the Doctrine of Number (as Mr. Pater calls them), this triad of conceptions—the oneness of the basis of the universe, its constant flux or motion, the rhythm or harmony which regulates its processes, announced and emphasized by successive thinkers who dwelt too exclusively on this or that partial view of nature—these three doctrines have their counterpart in the region of ethics as well as of politics and social life.

With perhaps some fancifulness, yet certainly also with a basis of historic fact, Mr. Pater finds these ideas embodied in the varied types of Greek character and race—the flux of Heraclitus in the "flamboyant" Ionian, fluid, restless, changeful as the sea by which he dwells and on which he plies his trade, tending to the license of democracy, given over to sophistry, himself the creator rather than the dupe of the Sophists, who are not so much a cause as a symptom of degeneration, and who merely fan the flame that is already consuming the social fabric. Over against these he would set the Dorian or Spartan Commonwealth, with its stability, its historic continuity, its unchanging customs, its contempt of rhetoric, its patient cultivation of the unadorned truth. These contrasts of racial qualities and tendencies explain some anomalies in the 'Republic.' The 'Republic' presents the phenomenon of the largest freedom of thought and speculation embodied in a system whose aim is to regulate life and society by an iron rule of uniformity. While this treatise is itself an extraordinary example of untrammelled speculation, illustrating the social and political freedom from which it grew and under which it was possible, yet the régime and spirit of the 'Republic' (of the 'Laws' still more) are framed to destroy that spontaneity and diversity of life and character which made the soil and basis of such daring speculation. The writer aims to uproot the plant of which he himself and his work were the most perfect flower. The little democracy in which he lived, during the century from which he grew, anticipated, indeed, and presented in miniature very completely that spirit of independence, of individualism, of diversity and freedom of character and thought, even of religious opinion, which is generally conceived to be the most perfect attainment of our own epoch, hardly won by means of reformations and revolutions, by guillotines and acts of parliament. It seems an astonishing thing that Plato, with all his prevision, should deliberately apply himself to arresting the process of the age and extinguishing the social product of the genius of his own Ionian race. The explanation is, of course, that he had under his eyes and among his feet the evils political and social of his own little democracy, the special faults of his own Ionian stock, while at a distance, colored somewhat by the enchantment of distance, he observed the enduring features and stable order of the Spartan commonwealth. This spectacle and this ideal exercised a powerful fascination on his mind and controlled many of his speculations—how far and why, it is a peculiar merit of our author's work to explain and illustrate with especial sympathy for the great philosopher's point of view.

If Plato erred in his dream of imposing a fixed type on society, he certainly made no error in that other ideal which is the culminating point of the working of his State, the notion which, in one form or another, pervades so many of the dialogues, viz., that government, like every other art, should be in the hands of the expert, that "the ills of cities will never cease until political greatness and wisdom meet in one." Small as was the Liliputian republic in which he lived, he saw mirrored in that brilliant bubble which rose and vanished so early on the waves of time a miniature of all the mischiefs which we now experience on a more magnificent scale. He details them as vividly and clearly as if he had himself watched that extravagant experiment of spendthrift nature, the evolution of modern democracy, as if he had seen the blind fumblings of Caliban made master instead of slave—that many-headed creature which knows neither what ails nor what will cure it, but turns to the flattery of the first quack who offers the sugar-coated pill. He prophesies, indeed, our own predicament who assist helplessly at the tragical farce wherein the tribunal of children condemn the physician and listen to the pleading of the pastry-cook—to some Bland, or Boulanger, or whatever be his name. Instead of such blind and wasteful experiment, instead of the political maxim that every man is the equal of every other for every purpose,

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he offers the paradox which is met now as then with a deluge of inextinguishable laughter, that Utopia can come to pass only when philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers. We, too, are familiar with the ripple of laughter which greets the expert in finance or government, and calls the skilled pilot a star-gazer or "doctrinaire."

Another point in Plato's nice and exact prevision comes home to us at the present moment. The philosopher is fittest to rule, not only because he is wisest, but because he is disinterested; he is, in fact, so disinterested that he will be reluctant to rule. Neither ambition nor love of wealth, obtained by fair means or foul, will sway him; hence he will stand aloof, he must be dragged into politics, he must be compelled by some constraint, he must be put under some penalty, "because to proceed with ready will to the office of ruler, and not to await compulsion, is accounted indecent." What, then, is this penalty, this compulsion which is to drag wisdom and disinterestedness out of their asylum of studious contemplation to the rescue of the State, to place them at the helm in the service of an ungrateful and mutinous crew? It is this, as Plato puts it in Mr. Pater's translation: "As for the penalty, the greatest penalty is to be ruled by one worse than one's self, unless one will rule. And it is through fear of that, the good seem to me to rule, when they rule; and then they proceed to the office of ruler, not as coming to some good thing, nor as to profit therein, but as to something unavoidable, and as having none better than themselves to whom to intrust it, nor even as good." Was this said in Athens by one who had watched that tiny cockle-shell of a democracy drift upon the breakers, or was it said yesterday by some observer of the composition and the decomposition of our Senate of the United States? Such flashes, which send their light through the ages, remind us that the thinker is really also the prophet; he is in truth, according to Plato's large saying, "the spectator of all time and of all existence."

The chapter on the genius of Plato is peculiarly sympathetic, and presents a satisfactory unravelling of a complicated and fascinating personality. For the great philosopher offers the curious problem of a nature at once sensuous and puritanical; he is at once the ascetic who tells us in the 'Phaedo' that "life is but a contemplation of death"; and he is also the author of those perfect little love poems to Aster one of which serves for the motto of Shelley's "Adonais." He had in him, says Mr. Pater, the stuff "which might make an 'Odyssey,' which might make a poet after the order of Sappho or Catullus"; he had absorbed the beauties of the natural world with the eyes of an artist; he had noted the traits and foibles of men with the eye of a novelist; his characterization has a touch of the peculiar fineness of Thackeray; he has set down the subtle traits, the tricks and mannerisms of his characters "with a finely pointed pencil, with something of the fineness of malice which the French call *malin*." Though he was the pioneer of Aristotle through the thin ether and the dry light of abstract speculation, though he first, to use Mr. Pater's fine expression, "gave names to the invisible creations of abstract mind as masterly and as efficiently as Adam himself to the visible, living creations of old," yet he more willingly follows the inverse process. While Aristotle dissects, and lays bare the skeleton, and clothes his thoughts in the gray monotone of abstract language, treating even of friendship in the dispassionate terminology of the ledger or of mathematics, Plato's metaphysic puts on flesh and blood; he embodies it in dialogue and drama, he invests its abstractions with the warmth and colors of personality, he shows us the companions of Socrates in hushed apprehension for their fading argument, as if that too, like their master, were about to die and pass into annihilation. He discourses of his ideas with such magic of imagination and expression that he bewitches us into believing for the moment that they exist, and that they are the only real existences. It was like a recrudescence of polytheism in that abstract world. He carries over to it the colors, the witcheries, the personal magnetism of this mundane sphere; he preaches to us deliverance from *Krishna*, from the coil of the senses and their errors, in discourse which, however chastened by a penitential note of self-repression, still glows and warms with reminiscences of the pride of life and the delight of the eye.

The reconciliation of these contrasts of a nature at once sensuous and ascetic, comprehending in itself—always with the saving grace of Greek sanity—an Abelard and a St. Simeon Stylites, Mr. Pater finds truly and strikingly in a single conception. Plato is, like Dante, preëminently and throughout, the lover. "For him, as for Dante, in the impassioned glow of his conceptions, the material and the spiritual are fused together." The loves of his youthful days had not always been Platonic; he knew the violence of that ignoble steed which the charioteer of the soul manages with difficulty on the upward celestial course; and so, beginning with his Beatrice, his earthly loves of the beauties and the forms of this world, he ends by seeing in all these only the patterns of things eternal that are laid up in the heavens. And hence the philosopher—he, whose business it is to meditate of death and to rid himself of the burden of the flesh—is also the supreme lover, who, journeying on from the contemplation of earthly loveliness to the beatific vision of the unseen world, has become at last the lover of truth and of that which *is*, the lover of the eternal beauty. This is his Pilgrim's Progress—the rainbow ladder by which Plato's philosophy climbs between earth and heaven.

Such a way of thinking, which regards beauty (whether of material things or of virtue or of truth) as the crowning manifestation of the spirit of the universe, must inevitably include in its scope æsthetics; and, as a matter of fact, Plato is the earliest critic of the fine arts, the first to speak of "art for art's sake," the first to announce, that is to say, that the end of art is its own perfection. But, for all that, art is made no free citizen of that State which bends all things, even the passions of men and women, to the needs of its imperious ideal. The soul, it is true, must be fed on its proper food, it must not, during its exile from that home whence it came "trailing clouds of glory," live the life of the anchorite, or the fakir, or the Puritan iconoclast; for "right speech and rightness of harmony and form and rhythm minister to goodness of nature." It will pursue, therefore, the beautiful, not in luxurious wantonness, but with temperance; it will be subjected to a Dorian discipline, and will work out a Dorian music—in the larger sense of that word—an austere harmony of nature and faculties in which each individual plays his part in tune with every other member of the organism of the State. To this end, and for the maintenance of this monastic art and discipline, Plato is ready to banish from his commonwealth all artists who minister to vain delights; even the divine Homer does not fall in with his ascetic scheme and purpose, and must therefore go. He will have only the "dry beauty," as Bacon, after Heraclitus, preferred the "dry light."

We should have liked a word, from so competent an authority, on that strange criticism of the imitative arts, proposed in the tenth book of the 'Republic,' which sounds so whimsical, and yet is based on the theory of the Ideas; we should have liked, also, to dwell on our author's view of the Sophists, which, without superfluous praise or blame, simply accounts for them and assigns them their due place with reference to Plato and their age. But our outline of Mr. Pater's plan and treatment is necessarily incomplete, and we do some injustice to the rich and well-wrought fabric of his narrative in borrowing from it some purple patches. No treatise so compact as this gives one a view so rounded, so truly colored, so lifelike of the great personality of Plato. It has the effect of the stereoscope. To Mr. Pater, in an eminent degree, philosophy is a spirit to live with, not a piece of property to lay upon one's shelf; and his learning, which is the growth of leisurely acquisition pursued *con amore*, he uses as an instrument—as a spell to evoke the figures of the past and make them live to our duller eyesight and imagination.

LELAND'S MEMOIRS.

Memoirs. By Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann). D. Appleton & Co. 1893.

In the preface to the first instalment of his biography, Mr. Leland resents the imputation of having "expatriated" himself:

"During more than ten years' residence in Europe," he says, "I had one thing steadily in view all the time, at which I worked hard, which was to qualify myself to return to America and there introduce to the public schools of Philadelphia the industrial or minor arts as a branch of education, in which I eventually succeeded, devoting to the work there four years, applying myself so assiduously as to neglect both society and amusements, and not obtaining, nor seeking for, pay or profit thereby in any way, directly or indirectly."

If Americanism were to be acknowledged according to St. Paul's rule of following the man's professions, Leland would have vindicated his in saying: "I hope at some future day that I shall still further prove that, as regards my native country, I have only changed my sky, but not my heart, and labored for American interests as earnestly as ever."

Mr. Leland is known chiefly as a mystic, corrected by science. He is himself a "Sunday-child," having been born on the ninth Sunday after Trinity, 1824. His parents were Episcopalians; but he was brought up in Philadelphia, and his own youthful diction seems to have had a Quaker twang. He was fond of Scriptural words and phrases from his tenderest infancy. The following is an example:

"Now, I was a great reader of Scripture; in fact, I learned a great deal too much of it, believing now that for babes and sucklings about one-third of it had better be expurgated. The Apocrypha was a favorite work, but above all I loved the Revelations, a work which, I may say by the way, is still a treasure to be investigated as regards the marvellous mixture of neo-Platonic, later Egyptian (or Gnostic), and even Indian Buddhistic ideas therein. Well, I had learned from it a word which St. John applies (to my mind very vulgarly and much too frequently) to the Scarlet Lady of Babylon or Rome. What this word meant I did not know, but this I understood, that it was 'sass' of some kind, as negroes term it, and so one day I applied it experimentally to my nurse. Though the word was not correctly pronounced, for I had never heard it from anybody, its success was

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immediate, but not agreeable. The passionate Irish woman flew into a great rage and declared that she would 'lave the house.' My mother, called in, investigated the circumstances, and found that I really had no idea whatever of the meaning of what I had said. Peace was restored, but Annie declared that only the divil or the fairies could have inspired such an infant to use such language" (p. 29).

Here is another example: "My mother said that I, having had a difficulty of some kind with certain street-boys, came into the house with my eyes filled with tears, and said: 'I told them that they were evil-minded, but they laughed me to scorn'" (p. 52).

Although always very dull in mathematics, in other departments the boy seems to have been rather bright, and studious quite to excess. For some years the family sat under Dr. Furness's pulpit; and when they returned to the Episcopal Church Charles obtained permission to continue at the Unitarian chapel; but later, while in college at Princeton, he was confirmed in the parental church of his own volition, and seems still to hold to that faith, somewhat abraded, one may suppose, by historical studies. His father, he tells us, looked very much like Thomas Carlyle, and had the same sort of disposition, only much more so. He himself went to school to two celebrated men, Bronson Alcott and Sears C. Walker. It would have done one's heart good to hear the kindly but Gargantuan laugh of the wit-loving astronomer over Charley's speeches.

At the age of fourteen the boy was a tremendous reader in English and French. At fifteen he fell in love with François Villon long before that charming Bohemian had been made fashionable. It must have been in 1838 that his father presented him with 'The Doctor,' which can only mean the first five volumes of the original edition. "This," he says, "I read and reread assiduously for many years, and was guided by it to a vast amount of odd reading." He had already dipped into Henry Cornelius Agrippa and Giambattista Porta—in translation of course—and before he entered Princeton in 1841 he was deeply versed in (Taylor's translations unquestionably of) Porphyry, Proclus, Jamblichus, Hermes Trismegistus, and other writers who we now know, and as the boy then believed, drew from Egyptian lore. Not only that, but the still less easily intelligible 'Sartor Resartus' was read by him in its original numbers, and gone "through forty times ere I left college, of which I 'kept count.'" He had also read "a translation of Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason,' the first half of it many times." This was Hayward's translation; and it will be observed that he studied the constructive part of it with great determination, but was evidently less impressed with its destructions. Emerson's Essays appeared in the May before he entered college, and he had read them before he went to Princeton. He furthermore says that he had read Strauss's 'Life of Jesus.' If so, it must have been in some French translation; for George Eliot's English version did not appear till June, 1846. He had also dipped into Schelling (in French) and Spinoza's 'Tractatus Theologico-Politicus' (in English). He mentions many other books he had read at this time. All this is marvellous. He need not say that he did not fully comprehend these books, for the deepest historian of philosophy cannot boast of doing that; yet he certainly studied them sufficiently to avoid making any absurd slip about any of them now. We have lain in wait to catch him doing so; but though he shows a little heedlessness, he does not betray false pretensions. More extraordinary still, he enjoyed, and as he now assures us, he understood, Rabelais! If that be so, he must have been an uncanny boy. Many a lad who would be annoyed by the suggestion that he does not fully comprehend 'Don Quixote,' after he grows up is by no means confident that none of its wisdom escapes him. To like Rabelais implies a strong stomach for a boy. Reading always, everything, and with the speed of lightning, Leland passed the college years, and thoroughly unfitted himself for the business of life.

The summer he was graduated he went to Niagara. He says:

"It is usual, especially for those who have no gift of description, to say that Niagara is 'utterly indescribable,' and the Visitors' Book has this opinion repeated by the American Philistine on every page. But that is because those who say so have no proper comprehension of facts stated, no poetic faculty, and no imagination. Of course no mere description, however perfect, would give the same conception of even a pen or a button as would the *sight* thereof; but it is absurd and illogical to speak as if this were *peculiar* to a great thing alone. For my part, I believe that the mere description to a *poet*, or to one who has dwelt by wood and wold and steeped his soul in Nature, of a tremendous cataract a mile in breadth and two hundred feet high, cleft by a wooded island, and rushing onward below in awful rocky rapids with a mighty roar, would, could, or should convey a very good idea of the great sight."

In the same autumn Mr. Leland sailed in a packet for Marseilles, in company with his cousin Samuel Godfrey. From Marseilles he journeyed through Italy and passed the Carnival in Rome. Our eye catches this remark, which is sadly un-American:

"And here I may say, once for all, that one can hardly fail to have a mean opinion of human common-sense in government when we see this system of examining luggage still maintained. For all that any country could *possibly* lose by smuggling in trunks, etc., would be a hundredfold recompensed by the increased amount of travel and money imported, should it be done away with, as has been perfectly and fully proved in France; the announcement a year ago that examination would be null or formal having had at once the effect of greatly increasing travel" (p. 124).

Un-American, too, for the time, was what follows:

"I returned [from Europe] fully impressed with the belief that slavery was, as Charles Sumner said, 'the sum of all crimes' [an unlucky double slip this for John Wesley and 'the sum of all villanies']. In which summation he showed himself indeed a 'Sumner,' as it was called of yore. Which cost me many a bitter hour and much sorrow, for there was hardly a soul whom I knew, except my mother, to whom an abolitionist was not simply the same thing as a disgraceful, discreditable malefactor. . . . It was so peculiar for any man, not a Unitarian or Quaker, to be an *Abolitionist* in Philadelphia from 1848 to 1861, that such exceptions were pointed out as if they had been Chinese—'and d—d bad Chinese at that,' as a friend added to whom I made the remark" (p. 136).

Leland entered himself as a law-student in Heidelberg. Later, he studied philosophy in Munich, though already imbued with the spirit of physical science. In November, 1847, he arrived in Paris, where he entered the secret society which made the revolution of the following February. In January, he wrote home to his brother that there was to be a revolution on February 24, the very day on which it actually occurred. From Paris he went to London, and in the autumn came home, making the passage from Portsmouth to New York in thirty-five days. He now entered a law office; but, his father's resources becoming more limited, he began writing for publication in 1849.

"So time rolled on for three years. I passed my examination and took an office in Third Street, with a sign proclaiming that I was attorney-at-law and *Avokat*. During six months I had two clients and made exactly three pounds. [But he probably dealt with dollars in those days.] Then, the house being wanted, I left and gave up law. This was a very disheartening time for me. I had a great many friends who could easily have put collecting and other business in my hands, but none of them did it I felt this very keenly."

He next became editor of the *Illustrated American News*, owned by P. T. Barnum, whom he found remarkably free from guile. The circulation sometimes reached 150,000, yet Leland wrote the whole thing. The salary was so infinitesimal that he ultimately gave up, and became writing editor of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*.

"All my long-suppressed ardent Abolition spirit now found vent, and for a time I was allowed to write as I pleased. A Richmond editor paid me the compliment of saying that the articles in the *Bulletin* were the bitterest published in the North."

But he was soon checked by the proprietor and left the newspaper. He now became editor of *Graham's Magazine*, raised the circulation from 0 to 17,000, and received a salary of $50 a month. It was at this time that the Hans Breitmann ballads began to appear. Mr. Leland does not state precisely at what date he became editor of *Vanity Fair*, which had been running for some time; on the breaking out of the war this comic journal expired. Leland presently became editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and later of the *Continental Magazine*—an organ, he says, of the Cabinet. This was published in Boston, so that he went to live there in December, 1861. He was private in a volunteer company raised at the time of Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania; but they were not quite in the battle of Gettysburg. In 1866 he became managing editor of Forney's *Press*, and fought Andrew Johnson with all his might. After Grant was elected, Forney, who conceived that the result had been in great measure due to him, no doubt expected a place in the Cabinet; but he was not the only person who was at that time disagreeably surprised. Leland, most likely, expected a place abroad, though he does not quite confess it. At any rate, there is no doubt that he was now suffering from nervous exhaustion. His father's affairs had been prospering, and he found himself in a position to take a rest. As soon as he stopped work his system gave way, and for some years he was a downright invalid. At that point the volume before us breaks off.

NEWTON'S DICTIONARY OF BIRDS.

A Dictionary of Birds. By Alfred Newton, assisted by Hans Gadow, with contributions from Richard Lydekker, B.A., F.G.S., Charles S. Roy, M.A., F.R.S., and Robert W. Shufeldt, M.D. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. 8vo, Parts I. (A-Ga) and II. (Ga-Moa). 1893.

It is safe to say that this work, which, when completed, will form an octavo volume of about 1,000 pages, profusely illustrated, will prove the most useful single volume ever published on ornithology. It is made up largely of articles contributed by Prof. Newton to the ninth edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' but many of them have been recast, and all brought down to date. With these have been incorporated a large number written

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expressly for the present work, including apparently all of the anatomical matter. This has been mainly prepared by Dr. Gadow, for which part of the work Prof. Newton could hardly have selected a more competent and trustworthy collaborator. The principal author, in defining the scope of the work, warns the reader that he "will not find [in the 'Dictionary'] a complete treatise on ornithology, any more than an attempt to include in it all the names under which birds, even the commonest, are known." Taking, as already stated, the ornithological articles contributed to the last edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' as a foundation, the author has "tried, first, to modify them into something like continuity, so far as an alphabetical arrangement will admit, and, next, to supplement them by the intercalation of a greater number, be they short or long, to serve the same end." In the difficult task of choosing subjects for additional articles, one of the main purposes has been to supply information known to the author (from inquiries often made of him) to be greatly needed. In order to keep the size of the volume within reasonable bounds, a large number of bird-names compounded, mostly of late years, by writers on ornithology, have been omitted, "since their meaning, if they have one that is definite, is at once made evident." For the same reason many local names, even those of British birds, have been excluded.

The volume is not, however, as its name might seem to imply, merely a dictionary of bird names; it covers the whole field of ornithology, including, in addition to the bird names, the anatomy of birds, their classification, their geographical distribution, their geological history, and much matter that is purely biographical. As regards method of treatment, birds are introduced, with few exceptions, only under their English names, either as species or as groups; the names are treated historically as to how and when first used, and their etymology and the cognate words in other languages are given. The birds themselves are defined as regards their relationships, structure, and distinctive traits; the space devoted to the different species or groups varying in extent, according to the requirements of the case, from a few lines to many pages. The technical names of the higher groups employed by different systematists, from Linnæus down, are also defined and explained. Such general subjects as extermination, migration, geographical distribution, mimicry, eggs, feathers, color, embryology, etc., are treated at some length, a careful summary being given of our present knowledge of each.

The topics thus far enumerated are, with few exceptions, treated by Prof. Newton. Mr. Lydekker, however, contributes the article on fossil birds, and Prof. Joy that on flight, while, as already said, nearly all of the anatomical matter is by Dr. Gadow, inclusive of the articles on color, feathers, and embryology. The principal parts of the skeleton and of the external anatomy, as well as the various organs of the body, are made the subjects of separate articles, and a large number of the anatomical terms employed in ornithology are separately defined. The task could not have fallen into better hands. Prof. Newton is not only everywhere recognized as one of the leading ornithologists of the world, but is especially fitted for the philological part of the work by his classical training and his antiquarian predilections, while his natural conservatism renders him a more than usually safe guide as regards the taxonomic and theoretical phases of the subject. Respecting a few principles of nomenclature and many questions of classification there is so much room for differences of opinion, and so much actual disagreement of doctors, that we can readily grant some liberty in such matters. Where mere questions of fact are at issue, the conclusions of our author can generally be taken as final. But doubtless many ornithologists will differ with him in respect to his exclusion from, or doubtful admission to, the British fauna of many species recorded as having occurred in the United Kingdom a greater or less number of times as waifs and strays from distant lands, which Prof. Newton regards as having reached the British Islands only as "assisted" wanderers. He also gives it as his opinion that the last specimen of the Labrador duck seen alive was the one "killed by Col. Wedderburn in Halifax Harbor in the autumn of 1852," and that alleged later records of capture are open to question. That this is an error, however, can easily be shown by the testimony of a number of eminent American authorities who, on repeated occasions, received the bird in the flesh many years subsequent to this date.

References are given *passim*, in the text or in footnotes, to most of the leading authorities on the various subjects treated, so that the reader is constantly referred to sources of original and fuller information. It is noticeable, however, that some of the latest authorities are omitted, which may perhaps be accounted for in part, at least, by the announcement made on the back of the title-page of part i., which states that the sheets of that part "were passed for the press at various times from 1889 onwards."

Many of the principal articles are well worthy of special notice, but we have space to call attention only to that on Geographical Distribution (pp. 311–363, with a map showing the principal zoögeographical regions). Of particular interest is the fact that Prof. Newton has here abandoned as primary divisions the "Palæarctic" and "Nearctic" regions of Sclater and Wallace, which he combines to form his "Holarctic" region, thus conceding the similarity of the life of the temperate and arctic regions of the whole northern hemisphere, so long maintained by various American writers. He also recognizes New Zealand and neighboring islands as one of his six primary regions, and thus brings the ancient or more primitive character of the life of this portion of the globe more prominently into notice than any preceding writer appears to have done. The article on migration (pp. 547–572) is generally excellent, but the author fails to take note of certain recent generally well-received views on the cause and origin of migration, and explanations of the way migrating birds find their route during their long journeys.

The abundance and excellent character of the illustrations form a prominent and important feature of the work. Full-length figures are given of one or more species of all the leading groups, and a large number of others illustrative of the internal and external structure. The latter are mainly accredited copies of Swainson's admirable figures, almost unequalled for accuracy and artistic finish, from his well-known 'Classification of Birds,' published in 1836-37.

We are, of course, judging the 'Dictionary' by its first two parts (pp. 1-576), but there is no reason to suppose that the second half will prove inferior to the first. Hence, we can commend the work as containing the greatest amount of thoroughly trustworthy ornithological information hitherto embraced between the covers of a single volume. It is thus truly a *vade-mecum* for the general reader or the bird-lover, whether simply an amateur or a professional ornithologist; for the former it will prove entertaining and instructive, while it will serve the latter as a handy reference volume on a thousand and one abstruse points, whether philological or ornithological. Prof. Newton's style, if at times a little involved, is singularly attractive and pleasing, while Dr. Gadow's is concise, direct, and clear. An index, at least to the technical names, will prove so essential to the convenient use of the volume that we can hardly suppose that such an important feature will be omitted.

HENRY JAMES.

Essays in London and Elsewhere.—The Wheel of Time, and Other Stories.—The Private Life, and Other Stories. Harper & Bros.

In the essay on Gustave Flaubert included in Mr. James's volume, 'Essays in London and Elsewhere,' when referring to the few people who understand what Flaubert tried for, the author says, "it is only when a reader is also a writer and a tolerably tormented one that he particularly cares." This is an example of the personal note occasionally struck in the volume, and echoes like a response to the sound of many voices clamoring criticism of Mr. James. No writer of fiction has suffered more from the people who won't or can't understand what he is trying for, while none has more consistently directed his energy towards one issue—the perfection of form and expression. Public obtuseness is probably more real than affected, for there is nothing of which the average Anglo-Saxon has less intuitive appreciation than of literary form apart from subject, except, it may be, of the resources of his own language. One may deplore such defective perception, but can hardly regard it as a valid excuse for angry rejection of every effort at education.

When he publishes a volume of essays, Mr. James gets the better of his more vociferous censors. The subjects are labelled, and, at least, the general drift is obvious. His knowledge and his sympathetic comprehension of his chosen subjects' meaning may be realized by every one, but there still remains enough sensitive penetration to puzzle a resentful multitude. The only essay which can hope for unqualified approval both from the public and from the literary class is that on James Russell Lowell. Mr. Lowell's mind, says Mr. James, had "little affinity with superfine estimates and shades and tints of opinion," and in writing of him Mr. James shakes off his own preoccupation with shades and tints, and takes on much of his subject's freedom, fulness, and warmth. He makes no attempt to classify Mr. Lowell either as author or diplomatist, but he draws a beautiful living portrait of the man at the moment when he stepped from the library into the great world, and he follows with loving yet clear-sighted enthusiasm the development of a career which he characterizes as, in the last analysis, a tribute to the dominion of style. This combination of affectionate sympathy with clearness of vision makes Mr. James's best qualification for criticism. Those with whom he cannot, for one reason or another, sympathize he kindly neglects, and on the other hand his judgment is never impaired by the glow of personal congeniality. He recognizes that his function is to enlighten, and he chooses to do that by emphasizing merits rather than defects.

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Cordial approval is his prevailing mood, except when judging 'The Journal of the Brothers de Goncourt,' a performance which invites much harsher terms than Mr. James employs. Though his greatest admiration is reserved for the writers' writers, in his estimate of Mrs. Humphry Ward he is wholly with the public—a rather surprising testimony to catholicity of taste. It is useless to dispute the charm of a book so phenomenally successful as 'Robert Elsmere,' but that charm, for the English public, probably owes more than Mr. James perceives to the purely didactic element. In his remarks on Henrik Ibsen he gives full value to the power of a moral question to agitate the British breast. The few pages devoted to Ibsen are more acute and comprehensive than all the screeds of his English adorers and antagonists put together. One gets away from the endless irrelevant chatter about his morality or immorality, and is permitted calmly to consider him as a dramatist, a man with an almost infallible sense of dramatic effect, quite unscrupulous in the choice of subjects through which the effect is to be wrought. He is not set forth as a Shakspere or a Dante dealing with eternal verities applicable to every era and phase of human life. He is a dramatist of extraordinary intellect and more extraordinary imagination, but with national, local, and even parochial limitations. His magic lies in the wonderful vivification of an assemblage mostly commonplace and vulgar, or abnormally vicious. Mr. James emphasizes Ibsen's lack of humor, and there is a moment when we fear that by temporary infection his own admirable sense of the humorous has been impaired. It is when he supposes Ibsen, in 'Hedda Gabler,' to be "playing with an idea from the simple instinct of sport," and qualifies the play as an "ironical pleasantry." This may be an ingenious explanation of the dreadful Hedda, but it seems to represent the author as too monstrous in his play.

It is perhaps not fair to pass directly from Mr. James's critical work to his fiction. The judgment of practice by principle is too immediate, and the operation may have the air of a cold-blooded attempt to hang a man with a rope of his own spinning. Yet, when two volumes of fiction lie beside the essays, the temptation to consider them in order is irresistible. In the essays the vexed question of subject and form in literature receives much incidental attention. Mr. James naturally leans to the opinion that good form may save a poor subject and that bad form must lose a good subject. He is not quite convinced that the idea is good enough if the expression is, but he thinks the idea is the author's affair and not the critic's. Strict adherence to this principle would almost reduce criticism to comment on technicalities, and would compel it to desist from any estimate of the author's value in literature, literature being considered as a commodity or luxury, with the æsthetic gratification and spiritual elevation of mankind for *raison d'être*. The perfection of the word cannot kill, but, enshrining no perceptible idea, it is an empty and vain thing.

With a clear notion of what Mr. James is trying for, and with thankful recognition of the effort, we get from his two latest volumes of fiction the impression of form without substance, of fine-spun elusive phantoms with no claim on emotional regard, and rather irritating to the intelligence. One has no objection to the fine quality of the garment clothing figures mostly artificial or trivial, but a resentful sense of waste. There are times, too, when the garment fails to please or satisfy, when the phrase is so subtle or so elliptical that lucidity is missed. Such failure is especially noticeable in the conversations, where the reader has often to rely on the descriptive sentence, "he said with a laugh," or "she answered gravely," for a cue to the mental attitude of the characters and an adjustment of his own. Close attachment to refinement of expression is also detracting from Mr. James's creative force. Finish of phrase is not, for instance, characteristic of the British matron, no matter how exalted her station. This somewhat heavy, worldly, and inane personage makes a frequent appearance in these stories, but we cannot think that she ever appeared elsewhere with such polished and vivacious sentences at her tongue's end. It may please Mr. James to toy with this ponderous figure, but the reality recedes from view in proportion to the elaboration of his presentment.

Failure to give the sense of life is of course the irretrievable fault in fiction. We do not mean to burden Mr. James with the imputation of a positive failure in the essential of his art, but only to indicate a possible result from an obvious cause. By the perfection of his rendering of an episode, a situation, a state of the mind or soul, he has achieved unique distinction in English letters; but, to take a place in what he calls the great tradition, his exquisite method must be applied to subjects that are well in the range of common experience, and that appeal with some passion to intelligence and emotion.

Italian Lyrists of To-day: Translations from Contemporary Italian Poetry, with Biographical Notices. By G. A. Greene. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane; New York: Macmillan. 1893.

THIS is a pleasing book and contains some graceful verses. The purpose of the maker is indicated in these words of the introduction: "The translations included in this volume have been accumulating for some years, and are from writers all of them living at the time, the intention of the translator being that of giving some slight idea of the present condition and the present aspects and methods of Italian lyrical verse. In almost every case the attempt has been made exactly to reproduce the metre of the original poem." In pursuance of this plan Mr. Greene has given specimens of the work of thirty-four poets, prefacing the selections from each by a slight account of the poet himself. He has also composed a very readable introduction, in which he makes some more general observations upon the methods and purposes of the latest school of Italian verse-writers. His translations are all tolerable, a few of them even interesting. Perhaps as good an example of his powers as any is the following version of Carducci's *Io non lo dissi a voi, vigili stelle* ('Rime Nuove,' xxxv.):

PANTHEISM.

I told it not, O vigilant stars, to you;
To thee, all-seeing sun, I made no moan;
Her name, the flower of all things fair and true,
Was echoed in my silent heart alone.

Yet now my secret star tells unto star,
Through the brown night, to some vague sphery tune;
The great sun smiles at it, when, sinking far,
He whispers love to the white and rising moon.

On shadowy hills, on shores where life is gay,
Each bush repeats it to each flower that blows;
The flitting birds sing. "Poet grim and gray,
At last Love's honeyed dreams thy spirit knows."

I told it not, yet heaven and earth repeat
The name beloved in sounds divine that swell,
And mid the acacia blossom's perfume sweet,
Murmurs the Spirit of All—"She loves thee well!"

There is poetizing here, that first and last pitfall of the translator; but there is also a certain pleasant fall of the phrase, and a certain harmony in the imaginative coloring not too remote from that of the original. If all the versions were as good as this, the reader would find his task an attractive one. As it is, however, he will probably feel that his chief gain comes from learning the names and styles of the verse-makers of modern Italy.

Still, after all, it will be only a meagre and superficial orientation that the reader will get, for Mr. Greene (perhaps properly, seeing the nature of his public) has felt it necessary to exclude from his selection almost all the pieces of these poets that have independent poetical value. It is generally true of these writers of genuine, but inferior, inspiration that their best achievement is to be found in the portion of their work that is most shocking to the world at large. This arises from the fact that their imaginative reaction proceeds not from life as a whole, or from universal experience and knowledge, but from the observation of the inconsistencies and incongruities—the unreality, in short—of conventional society as they see it immediately about them. They are their best selves, therefore, when they are in revolt. Then their matter is real, or, what is the same thing from the artist's point of view, seems to them real. They handle it with conviction, and are able to give it that ultimate quality which alone makes poetry worth while. To be sure, they are often very ignorant as to what they are actually accomplishing. Nothing is on the whole more dreary than reading the abundant prologues and prefaces they are fond of sending into the world with their poems—nothing, unless it be reading the attacks upon them by indignant conservatives and moralists, and the replies to these attacks by their enthusiastic friends.

They tell us in these prologues that they are occupied with art for art's sake, with the world as it is rather than as it ought to be, with liberty in its struggle against outworn beliefs, with nature in contrast to convention, and so on. All this, however, is mere jargon. What they have really done is to come upon that elementary truth long since enunciated by Tertullian when, in a particularly obscurantist moment, he exclaimed: "Tot sunt artium venæ quot hominum concupiscentiæ." Surprised and delighted with this discovery, and sure that they have thereby attained reality, they proceed to apply the principle as though their own crude and undisciplined *concupiscentiæ* represented the complete round of human passions and desires. Of course, they do nothing of the sort, being of a very limited and inferior kind. Still, all reality has its value; and if one can stand somewhat arrogant crudity, one may learn much from the best of the Veristi, the Décadents and Symbolistes, the writers of La Jeune Belge, and the similar groups to be found in most of the countries of Europe at the present time.

Observations on Some Points Connected with Hospital Construction. By Sir Douglas Galton. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 8vo, pp. xi–287. 1893.

MORE than thirty years ago, Douglas Galton, then a captain in the Royal Engineers, was appointed a member of the Barrack and Hospital Improvement Committee, organized on the recommendation of the Royal Commission of 1857, and in 1865 he published a description of the Herbert Hospital at Woolwich, which had been constructed as a sort of model, in accordance with the views of this committee. Since that time he has published several works

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relating to the sanitation and proper construction of habitations and hospitals, and now brings out the work noted above as the result of long experience and careful deliberation upon the subject. He says in his preface that his object is "to place on record those principles which ought invariably to be followed in every good hospital"—which is delightfully dogmatic, and inspires the reader with a cheerful confidence that all vexed questions on this subject are now finally settled. He concludes by saying that

"the principles enumerated in this book are not new: they are well known, but they lie somewhat scattered through various publications, and . . . it is hoped that by bringing together this information the erection of large, palatial hospitals in towns or other localities which are not suited to them will be discountenanced, and that the hospital architect . . . will be content to provide simple structures abundantly supplied with light and air, in which the interests of the patients and their recovery will be not alone the first, but the only consideration."

It is not probable that this idea will be realized, and it is well that this is the case, for in a large and properly constructed and managed hospital there are several things which should be considered besides the immediate interests of the patients in it. Such a hospital should increase and diffuse knowledge; it should be agreeable to the eye, and, if it is the gift of single donor or of a private corporation, it should do honor to the giver.

Quite a number of the maxims given will not apply to this country, owing to climatic differences. The direction that water-closets should always be placed against the outer wall is wrong; they should almost always be placed against an inner wall, directly opposite a window. Sir Douglas Galton says that the velocity of the air may be measured by puffs of the vapor of turpentine—which is quite new. The "Lower General Hospital of Philadelphia," with 50 huts, affording accommodation for 500 patients, is probably the "Mower General Hospital," which contained 3,000 patients. The bibliography of the subject furnished at the beginning does not give date, place of publication, or full title, and is almost absolutely useless for reference. Upon the whole, the book is a good and useful compilation, but it will not be accepted by hospital experts as the final authority upon the subject. The fact is, that each new hospital is in some respects a new problem, that recent advances in bacteriology and in therapeutical methods require new arrangements, and that the more experience one has had in the practical working of modern hospitals, the less likely he is to plan a new one which will be merely a copy of any now in existence.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adderley, James. Stephen Remarx: The Story of a Venture in Ethics. E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cents.
Allen, Grant. Michael's Crag. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.
Arnold, Sir Edwin. The Book of Good Counsels. New ed. Scribners. $2.50.
Bamford, Mary E. Talks by Queer Folks: More Land and Water Friends. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.25.
Barber, E. A. The Pottery and Porcelains of the United States. Putnams. $5.
Barr, Mrs. A. E. Girls of a Feather. Robert Bonner's Sons. $1.25.
Crosland, Mrs. Newton. Landmarks of a Literary Life, 1820—1892. Scribners. $2.
Durandus, William. The Symbolism of Churches and Church Ornaments: A Translation of the First Book of the Rationale Divinorum Officiorum. Scribners. $2.50.
Fox, Dr. J. J. The Lungs: Basic Principles for their Healing and Development. C. T. Hurlburt & Co. $1.50.
Gebhart, Emile. Autour d'une Tiare. [Bibliothèques de Romans Historiques:] Paris: A. Colin & Cie.
Howard, C. H. C. Genealogy of the Cutts Family in America. Albany: Joel Munsell's Sons.
In the Footsteps of the Poets. Whittaker. $1.50.
Jebb, Prof. R. C. The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Kullak, Adolph. The Æsthetics of Pianoforte-Playing. G. Schirmer. $2.
Lawrence, W. H. Elements of Shades and Shadows for Architectural Students. Boston: The Author.
Lowry, H. D. Prisoners of the Earth, and Other Stories. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
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